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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The three Boer Generals have issued from Holland a signed leaflet headed "Appeal of the Boer Generals to the Civilised World". The gist of it is that they were deputed to appeal to the new Government and, "if unsuccessful", to the world for charitable contributions. The £3,000,000 given by England is alluded to without thanks as a "small amount" which "even if multiplied tenfold will be totally inadequate". Parts of the document are contradictory. The appeal is made only for "the widows and orphans, the maimed, and needy and our children"; but it is expressly stated in a separate paragraph as a thing "needless to remark" that "a large sum will be required for the education of the children of the burghers". Now an appeal for charity, to restore houses, to succour the widows and orphans and wounded, is natural and worthy of support from all sorts of people and nations, but the education of the children of burghers has already been undertaken by the new Government and an appeal for "a large sum" to interfere with the Government's scheme is not, one may hope, likely to meet with response from those who wish well to that new Government.

The manifesto can only be accepted as a proclamation of the policy of intrigue; and if one may infer anything from the press the insidious sentiment of the appeal is having some effect in Germany. It has however failed in France; and the unanimous condemnation of the English press may have suggested to the Generals that they have gone too far. Indeed General Botha's letter of acknowledgment to Mr. Phipps for his gift of £20,000 reads like an anticipatory effort to undo the effect of the proclamation. Unhappily there are answering signs of intrigue from the Cape. Dr. Smartt in support of his motion to strengthen the hands of the Government in dealing with disloyal intrigues gave unquestionable proof of the extent of boycotting and the prevalence of seditious utterances. Even Mr. Graham in his effort to show that legislation was unnecessary acknowledged the prevalence of boycotting in a particular district. In one case a Dutch loyalist is said to have been forced to make a public recantation of certain loyal sentiments which he had unwarily expressed during the war. In face of such instances and the growing evidence of dissatisfaction among loyalists

throughout the Cape, it has become impossible for Sir Gordon Sprigg's supporters in this country to maintain their confidence. A man who relies on the votes of the Bond cannot, if he would, remain a loyal minister.

Reports, persistent and marked with all the affectation of official knowledge, have been prevalent during the week as to the intentions of the Government in the future taxation of the new colonies. They have raised something of a sensation both in South Africa and in England. The anticipated outline of the Government's intention is not in itself improbable or unjust. Money, it is said, will not be taken till revenues show a surplus and a 10 per cent. tax on the mines would not with certain qualifications be excessive. Whether the extreme limit will be put at £100,000,000 matters not a great deal if the percentage of the taxation be found endurable. The probability of the truth of these reports, though not their authenticity and sanction, is increased by the close parallel between the figures and those given in Sir David Barbour's report. Whatever happens the Government are not likely to go counter to the advice of their specialist, at least until facts contradict his prognostics and estimates. The expectation that Lord Milner may give some hint, when he meets the deputation of the Political Associations Committee a fortnight hence, has been dissipated by his latest letter.

The King and Queen have decided to drive through the City and South London on 25 October, according to the arrangements first made for the day following the lost Coronation. All the details of the route are not yet settled and while the final decision is suspended Lord Knollys is being besieged with requests that this street and that should be favoured. All that is definitely proclaimed is that the King and Queen will lunch at the Guildhall; but the drive in the afternoon is almost sure to take the line previously marked out, as some of the tiers of seats then erected are still standing. In the Borough it has been decided to repeat in full measure the decorations as originally planned, and as before a joint address of welcome has been voted by all the metropolitan boroughs south of the river, with the exception of Battersea, which has again fallen short in loyalty. On 26 October the King and Queen will attend a thanksgiving service in S. Paul's.

It was fit that the crew of the "Terrible", which reached Portsmouth at the end of last week, should be enthusiastically welcomed. At the entertainment in his honour given at Portsmouth on Tuesday Captain Scott made a modest and sensible speech. Ladysmith was saved principally by the naval guns of the "Terrible"

and the initiative and ingenuity shown by Captain Percy Scott in building carriages which transformed his naval guns into field artillery are symbol of a quality which the navy as opposed to the army has been singularly successful in developing. From Africa the "Terrible" steamed to China and her crew again saw service in the Boxer campaign. In all the congratulations spoken and written there had been a tendency to lay stress only on the work done in South Africa, and we have another proof of how difficult the public finds it to take interest in more than one thing at a time. An important campaign has seldom so little appealed to the public as the war in China: Admiral Seymour's return was almost unnoticed; and yet the relief of Peking and the engagements that led up to it rank high in heroic attributes and the importance of the problem in China is difficult to overestimate. A nation, unprogressive from before the beginning of history, has begun to acknowledge progress; and that nation numbers anything over 300,000,000.

On Thursday Lord Dudley entered Dublin in state. He found the town in a state of some turmoil at the extension of the Crimes Act and there is every sign that he will have to face a good deal of agitation. The proscribed area is wider than it has been for many years and the United Irish League have almost advertised their determination to embitter feeling. Mr. W. Redmond in his speech at Tagmon argued in behalf of the excellence of boycotting as a punishment for people whom he described as "landgrabbers". He was at once accused of "exciting ill will among His Majesty's subjects", but when ordered to find sureties for future good behaviour or go to prison for six months failed to take any notice whatever of the order. Curiously enough it is exactly fourteen years since Mr. Redmond was last in prison. It may be remembered that in the course of fulfilling the sentence he refused to take anything but prison fare and when he had lost 13½ lbs. was forcibly freed. His desire to remain in prison has been attributed to an ambition to lose a stone in gaol. It would have more oratorical value than anything with half a pound in it. Shall we see a repetition of the search for martyrdom?

The proposed Irish Land Conference cannot survive the refusal of the head of the landowners association, Lord Barrymore, and with him the Duke of Abercorn, to attend. We never thought that such a conference could cure the Irish evil, and yet it seems more likely that good would have come out of it than harm. We prefer Lord Barrymore's way of declining to Colonel Sanderson's. But what a typical and—there is no doubt—what an Irish way did the latter show in his letter full of taunts from "Castle Sanderson", that fastness of the English garrison! Nobody can brandish the shillelagh in finer style than Colonel Sanderson. It is wigs on the green that he loves. If the conference had been held it might have been necessary to put a very solid table between him and, say, Mr. William Redmond. Who that saw it can ever forget the scene in the Lobby of the House of Commons, with these two stalwarts in the midst of a ring of ordinary M.P.'s, with Inspector Horsley, immense, at hand, and the distressed Serjeant-at-Arms with his hand near his sword-hilt?

The Special Army Order issued by the War Office at the end of last week is remarkable not only for the actual changes it introduces in musketry training but for Lord Roberts' decided views on the wars of the future. He expresses his conviction that "straight shooting, which is the result of careful training, is at least as important on the modern battlefield as tactical combinations, to the practice of which so much time and trouble are now devoted". In another passage he says that battles in the future will probably be decided by snap-shooting at short ranges. He hints that experience in South Africa has brought out culpable deficiencies in the use of the rifle, and attributes this almost entirely to the lack of interest shown by officers in musketry. It is generally regarded in the army as 'a somewhat irksome business which has to be got

through as quickly as possible". As a first step in reformation Lord Roberts impresses upon officers the imperative necessity for becoming themselves experts in the use of the rifle and for assisting in carrying out a complete and finished system of instruction; and finally announces that every general officer commanding will be held personally responsible for carrying out the spirit and letter of the instructions.

The actual instructions are worked out in considerable detail. All non-commissioned officers are frequently to be practised as instructors and promotion is to depend largely on efficiency in this branch. A considerable part of the order deals with the training of recruits. The recruit is not to be pronounced qualified till he can "handle his rifle with skill and confidence under all conditions and in all positions". He is to be instructed and practised in judging distance, in firing from behind cover, and in snap-shooting. As this training will occupy much additional time shooting at the longer ranges may be omitted. Lord Roberts considers it is above all necessary that every separate shot should be made a practical lesson. As an instance of how ignorant of the rifle a recruit may be a militia officer the other day found that one of his men, otherwise brawny and fearless, was too frightened to pull the trigger of his rifle. "I be afraid of she" he explained and could not be persuaded until he had first fired several blank cartridges. It is certainly true that such a man cannot become a proficient in "the admirable weapon which has been placed in his hands" within the present absurdly short period of training.

The arrangement we alluded to last week as to the approaching changes at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, has been carried out. Simultaneously with the handing over of the governorship to Colonel Kitson, the Assistant-Commandant was relieved of his duties and proceeded on leave of absence pending the termination of his appointment recently extended to 6 October. Thus work has been recommenced at the College with a new executive staff. The instructional staff will remain as it is until at any rate the end of the year, by which time it is presumed that arrangements will have been made to commence work in 1903 on the lines recommended by the Committee on Military Education.

The Irish remounts case made very interesting reading for those who had time to follow the interminable reports closely. It was chiefly remarkable for the unshrinking support given by Colonel St. Quintin to the defence of the Studderts. This consisted in great measure in the contention that Lord Lonsdale and the Liverpool witnesses exaggerated the unfitness of the Irish horses because Colonel St. Quintin had taken the place of Lord Lonsdale in the work of the Remounts Committee, and they wanted to ruin the Irish trade. The evidence as to the condition of the horses in Liverpool was very conflicting. Mr. Balfie the receiving officer said the horses were sufficiently good for their purpose and the disease might be accounted for by the fact that Liverpool was "reeking" with diseases amongst horses at the time. Colonel St. Quintin corroborated with great emphasis the assertion of Major Studdert that he had Colonel St. Quintin's authority to buy horses through his sons; but he had not authorised the suppression of their names; and Major Studdert agreed that he had misunderstood the Colonel. The whole case was so thoroughly gone into that there cannot be much fresh matter to come out at Clare Assizes when the trial comes on.

The feeling in France over the Kelantan incident has begun to subside. The press has at last been persuaded that the tales of occupation of Kelantan by a body of Sikhs arose from a misunderstanding, perhaps not wholly unintentional, of the meaning of an escort. But quite apart from any special incident, such as may easily break out at any moment, the French public, if not the Government, has shown itself singularly sensitive on Siamese questions. The state of Kelantan is one of those technically within the British sphere of influence; but that at best is a vague definition, and

there is a good deal of sense in the plea of the "Temps" that the whole Siamese question should be settled before the occurrence of any other incident likely to arouse public feeling. The advice is the wiser as French sensitiveness is largely due to an unconcealed desire in France to add to French territory in that region.

M. Pelletan may well wish to be saved from his apologists, of whom the chief are himself and M. Combes. In his original speech he committed three culminating indiscretions. Ajaccio, he said, should be fortified because it "aimed straight at the heart of Italy". He backed Bizerta against Malta and Gibraltar and he spoke of German "barbarism". By way of apology he says that those who accuse him of possessing an aggressive spirit utter "a terrible falsehood". M. Combes who divided his speech between the mistakes of M. Pelletan and "the audacity of clerical reaction", suggested that M. Pelletan was "not used to being a minister yet" and made some very unfeeling allusions to the effect of a banquet on his minister's rhetoric. It must be all very humiliating, even for a M. Combes.

As religious tolerance was one of the chief clauses of the Berlin Treaty of 1878 there is nothing to be said on behalf of Roumania's treatment of the Jews. They are made alien by the laws, they are cut off not only from the benefit of education and justice but from entering the professions and practising the industries. But even those signatories of the Berlin Convention which recognise with most sympathy the plight of the Jews are not likely to acknowledge the precedent of American intervention. In Russia and Austria, where the Semitic question is a continual danger, the press has retorted on America the correlative of the Monroe Doctrine. Except for the accident that Roumanian Jews emigrate to America, the States, not being a signatory of the Berlin Convention, have no excuse for intervention, and the support of the principle that Europe has no right of interference in the Americas compels American abstinence from European affairs. If the reformation of Roumania is a purely humanitarian inspiration the first action should not have been taken through a political organisation.

It was known in London on Saturday last that Marie Henriette, Queen of the Belgians, had died suddenly at Spa of syncope. She had been ill for several years and had no hope of ultimate recovery. A parallel, perhaps rather fanciful, has been drawn between her and the Empress Frederick but they had at least in common a great sympathy for suffering. She will perhaps be best remembered for her energy and sympathy during the Franco-German war. Though at the time everyone was canvassing the future of Belgium she gave up her whole time and interest to the care of the wounded of both nations and was afterwards thanked for her work by the two Governments. After the death of her son the Queen devoted herself almost entirely to the work of private charity. The death of the Queen was so sudden that neither her husband nor daughter was in time to see her. It was lamentable when at last they came that the quarrel between them, which was one of the great sorrows of the Queen's life, should have been renewed over her dead body.

President Roosevelt suffered more than he acknowledged in the tram-car collision. As a result of a neglected bruise on the leg an abscess formed and a small operation became necessary. It was completely successful and President Roosevelt is not likely to suffer except from the annoyance of enforced rest. In his first tour the vigour of his speeches and the force of his personality strengthened his position beyond all expectation. If he is to win against the political machine it will be by the force and charm of personality; and in the nature of things any accident which prevents him from exercising his personal influence directly on the people must be in the nature of a disaster. He will have to abandon a part of his western tour as it is not expected that he will be

fit to make a speech for a week or two. The pause in the excitement of the campaign is unhappily likely to be a benefit to the windmills at which he has been accused of tilting.

We are often accused in the colonies of ignorance of empire; and nothing brings home the extent of the ignorance so directly as the frequent tales of the failures of our emigrants all over the world. The latest instance is the return from Chili of fifty-two Grimsby fishermen who were too easily persuaded to try their fortune in barren places. People were wiser even in the days of early Greek history. The Delphic oracle was an excellent emigration bureau and few colonists ever thought of emigrating till they had consulted it. Hence the excellence of Greek colonisation. We have in London an official centre of information, not less well informed than was Delphi, and ready to provide the best of information in the least ambiguous language. But, unlike the Greeks, our emigrants are apt to leave it severely alone. Probably the Grimsby fishermen had never even heard of the Emigration Office and it is estimated that something like half our emigrants trust solely to agents of the different countries. It would be worth the while of some political philosopher to seek a means of giving this office the sanction and publicity of its Greek predecessor. He would be doing a great imperial work.

Mr. Balfour's remarks at Haddington on the good feeling really existing between members of rival political parties in this country may not altogether have been to the liking of the thoughtless, out and out party man in the provinces, who hugs the delusion that the rival leaders mean what they say in one another's dispraise in Parliament. These do not understand that the leaders have often to do this sort of thing to keep honest dunderheaded supporters in good humour. Disraeli when leading the House used on principle to level a few sarcasms at the leaders opposite to keep up the heart of his followers. Good Conservatives and good Liberals, who take their party politics very seriously, were astounded to see the announcement that Mr. Chamberlain was spending a few days with Sir William Harcourt at Malwood in the week following the former's "Why you and Lord Rosebery weren't on talking terms with one another!" by way of retort to Sir William's banter about the relations of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain. It is merely a part of the game. No: the real opponents do by no means necessarily sit opposite one another.

We were lately reproved by a correspondent for referring to dissent as a system inimical to the higher intellectual graces. Does the manner in which such organisations as the Congregational Union are opposing the Education Bill suggest the possession of the qualities of sweetness and light in any marked degree? Sanity is essentially moderation, and the Dissenters have thrown moderation to the winds. They raise the molehills of their grievances into mountains, and they are as much the victims of hallucinations as the persons are who suffer persecution and insult by purely imaginary enemies. If there were any hope of their recovery we should be glad to see the proposal of Sir William Walrond taken as the basis of a compromise. To allow the clergy and nonconformist ministers to teach the religion the parents desired in both voluntary and board schools we have always held is the better way of meeting the religious difficulty. Many churchmen are taking this view; but what encouragement is there to be zealous about it when the Dissenters are under vow to do nothing but destroy the Bill or to start a rate strike if it passes in any form?

The Commission on Physical Education in Scotland have heard some evidence of exceptional interest. General Ian Hamilton was able to show the effect of drill on the health of recruits, and at the same time the ineradicable harm done to their constitution by neglect of exercise in earlier youth. In another class Dr. Almond may claim to know more about the subject than anyone else. For forty-two years he has been working out his own theories with

every advantage of a headmaster's autocracy. The success of Loretto boys is the test of his theory. No doubt Dr. Almond's experiments do not bear quite directly on the problem before the Commission; to counteract the ill effects on the physique of the race which result from the crowding in large towns; but he has proved that his out-of-door principle may convert a weakling into a sturdy athlete and on this point his evidence is of the utmost value. Dr. Almond believes firmly in football and recommends those neglected forms of exercise, fencing and boxing. Perhaps he underrated a little the value of military discipline on town boys, though he spoke in favour of cadet corps. His view was interesting that facility of locomotion would be a potent cause of degeneration in the muscles of the coming race.

Three Arctic expeditions have returned more or less from the vicinity of the Pole within the month: Mr. Baldwin's, Commander Peary's and M. Sverdrup's. The two Americans, after the manner of American athletes, made what is technically called a dash for the Pole. Mr. Baldwin in a very American manner admits that his primary object was "to plant the American flag at (or on) the North Pole" and as might be expected his achievement is the smallest of the three. The most interesting find perhaps was Nansen's hut. Commander Peary, who came to the same conclusion as Mr. Baldwin on the absurdity of an open sea at the Pole, made a more northerly point, 84 deg. 17 min., than had yet been reached in the Western hemisphere and he has added greatly at any rate to the negative knowledge of Arctic exploration. M. Sverdrup ran a longer race. As he just missed Commander Peary he was rather more than three years without any news of the civilised world. His contributions to the knowledge of the country are very considerable and from the winter quarters at Ellesmere Land he was able to map out the greater part of the surrounding region by an organised series of sledge expeditions. It is after the true spirit of Arctic exploration that all three explorers are convinced that it is quite easy to reach the North Pole.

A feeling of uneasiness prevailed in stock markets generally this week, due principally to fears of the monetary position in New York, but the fact of the retention of the Bank rate at the old level—although not causing surprise—had the effect of restoring confidence to some extent, as it was taken to mean that there is no immediate danger in the Wall Street position. The American Railway market has been in an excited condition owing to the money fears alluded to, but the announcement from New York that the Treasury intends to anticipate interest payments up to June next in order to relieve the position caused an all-round improvement. The amount which will be thus realised is estimated at about 20,000,000 dollars. Home Rails continue to be sold by the investing public, although the tone of this market yesterday was rather harder. With the important exception of a decline of nearly £6,000 in the takings of the North-Eastern Company, the traffic returns published this week were very satisfactory.

Kaffirs, after being decidedly weak, exhibited a better tone on some support being accorded them. The report that the Government propose to tax the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies to the extent of £100,000,000 towards the cost of the war is not generally credited. The official statement of the De Beers Company that the actual net claim made against them by the Inland Revenue for income tax for the years 1900-1, 1901-2 amounts to just over £100,000, disposes of the absurd rumours that have been circulated on this subject. The Lords Commissioners give notice that tenders will be received at the Chief Cashier's office at the Bank of England on Monday, the 29th inst., at one o'clock for Treasury bills to be issued to the amount of £1,000,000 in replacement of bills falling due on the 5th prox. The bills will be in amounts of £1,000, £5,000, or £10,000. They will be dated 4 October, and will be repayable twelve months after date. Consols 93½. Bank rate 3 per cent. (6 February).

THE BOER AS MENDICANT.

WE did not expect to be favoured with a second demonstration of the Boer character so soon after the diplomatic display recorded in the recent White-book. But it is none the less welcome; for, as we remarked in commenting upon the conference of the Boer Generals with Mr. Chamberlain, the English are slow to learn. Nothing, therefore, could be better at the commencement of the new era of South African administration than that the Boer should show his actual sentiments towards England in a manner so convincing. We have had experience of him as fighter, as diplomat, and now as sturdy beggar. He is the least to our liking in this last capacity. The document called the "Appeal of the Boer Generals to the Civilised World" is throughout a gross distortion of fact, but chiefly remarkable perhaps for the assertion that the appeal to "the peoples of Europe and America" is the direct result of Mr. Chamberlain's refusal to allow them to reopen the terms of surrender. The individual statements upon which the appeal is based deserve consideration, if only as an example of how adroitly the Boer can suggest the false and suppress the true, and yet keep his conscience clean from the stain of the verbal lie. Speaking at Rotterdam last Monday on behalf of himself and his colleagues General Botha said that the first part of their mission was to obtain compensation for private property destroyed by the British. In this they had failed, since the British Government would not allow them to discuss the matter. According to the Boer Generals, then the £3,000,000 of compensation assigned exclusively to the Boer population is nothing. Whether this amount be small or great, it is the sum which the Boer delegates agreed to accept for this purpose when they surrendered: and, trivial as the amount may appear to the Boer mind, the English people believed that in granting it to a conquered enemy, they were acting with great generosity.

Having failed to obtain the first of the two objects of the mission, it remained to secure the second; by fraudulent appeal to cozen from "the world" what they could not wring from Mr. Chamberlain. "We desire to obtain help for the poor who have lost their all", said General Botha. He then proceeded to draw a sketch of the condition of "the poor unfortunate people". "Twenty thousand women and children were dead." Not a hint of the fact that practically the whole of the Boer population who were not on commando, or held as prisoners, had been fed and protected in our camps. "Four thousand men had met their deaths in the war, and sixteen thousand men were wounded, most of whom were incapable of working." Again, not a word of the forty thousand or so Boer prisoners of war, or of the treatment which they received at our hands.

Thirty odd years ago, when starving crowds of French prisoners in the camps outside the frontier towns were fighting for the coins which charity threw among them, "the world" recognised the difference between the formulæ of war and of peace. It will now be able to compare that state of things with the reading rooms, schools and games provided for the Boer prisoners in the British camps. The rate of mortality in the concentration camps was high; but what would have been the fate of the Boer women and children left to maintain themselves on the veldt? The testimony of a German witness will afford good reply to this question. The head of the Humansdorp Native Mission—a German mission—has placed it on record that, while not one of the members of the mission who entered the concentration camps died, those who remained on the veldt perished, or narrowly escaped death by famine or disease. Or again, take the fact that the Boer leaders from President Kruger downwards, with but one or two exceptions, sent their wives and families into the British lines for protection, or allowed them to remain in districts permanently occupied by British troops.

But this after all is not the point. However great may have been the suffering of the Boers in the concentration camps, and however great the loss of property in the devastated areas, it is these same Boer Generals,

and not we as a nation, who are responsible for it. A recent article in the "Pester Lloyd" shows that the more instructed opinion on the Continent is alive to this truth. "Whatever sympathy one may feel for President Kruger," says the "Pester Lloyd", "as one does for fallen greatness, perhaps, when left to his own reflections, it occurs to the ex-President himself that he might have materially diminished the sufferings of the Dutch people if, after the decisive success of Field Marshal Roberts, he had sought a peaceful solution on the basis that was to be found in England's conditions".

There is not a word in this whole appeal which would not apply to any conquered people in any war. If the insinuated protests against British baseness are believed and if the charity of the world recognises the appeal, it is granted that all conquerors in war are cruel and all conquered people have a claim on the generosity of the world. This appeal has no relation to the present circumstances—the estimates for example of destroyed property are acknowledged to be imaginary—and to found their plea on our Government's refusal to save the conquered from the effects of a defeat which they courted shows an absolute genius for mendicant effrontery. The paragraphs of the appeal speak for themselves. "The people of the two Republics have sacrificed everything for their independence, and now the struggle is over they stand wholly ruined. Although we had no opportunity of compiling an exact statement of the devastation wrought in the two Republics, we are convinced from personal knowledge that during the war at least thirty thousand houses on the farms besides a number of villages have been burnt or destroyed by the British." "Our dwellings with the furniture have been burnt or demolished, our orchards cut down, all agricultural implements broken, mills destroyed, every living animal taken away or killed—nothing, alas! remains. The land is a desert. Besides, the war has claimed many a victim, and the land resounds with the weeping of helpless widows and orphans." "Moreover it is needless to remark that a large sum will be required for the education of the children of the burghers." "In this our great distress we appeal to the world for charitable contributions to help the widows and orphans, the maimed and the needy, and to assist in the education of our children."

What the Boer Generals feign to grieve over is a future of general desolation, which follows every war; but in the present case the conquering people, even before the war was over, had taken steps to restore the prosperity of the country, even to bring back the people, in every district from which the commandoes of the enemy had been excluded. This gentleness to enemies has unhappily also involved some starkness to friends. Little as we appreciate it in England, there is bitter feeling among the loyalists throughout South Africa. "It does not pay to be loyal" is becoming almost a popular proverb with Cape and Natal loyalists; and among English speakers it is a commonplace to prate of our having to live with the Dutch in South Africa. It is the Dutch who have to live with us, not we with them.

THE PROSPECT FOR SANDHURST.

WHAT is to be the outcome of the Military Education Committee's very interesting and important report; and how soon shall we know whether it is to amount to something, to nothing, or—as is of course most likely—to a compromise between these two extremes? The hibernating period that invariably follows an effort of this kind has now lasted a considerable time, and we have already seen some signs of returning animation in the appointment of a new Commandant, and other officials, to the Royal Military College. The selection of Colonel Kitson for the chief post of authority we believe to be a very good one, but as regards the whole future of Sandhurst, as an institution, we must still feel a good deal of anxiety and misgiving. What will the reforms really amount to; and to what extent will the War Office persevere in trying

to produce something like a rational system? But presumably it is safe to predict that important improvements will take place, and mainly on the lines suggested by the report. We have already expressed our satisfaction at the appointment of Colonel Kitson, lately our Military Attaché at Washington and before that Governor of the Military College at Kingston, Canada; and it now becomes specially interesting to note the opinions he expressed in his evidence before the Committee, for they at once show us what kind of views the authorities are inclined to favour, and the spirit in which the affairs of the new Military College are likely to be administered. Colonel Kitson's opinion as to what the length of the Sandhurst course should be was afterwards endorsed by the Committee in their report, though the recommendation to extend the present period to two years was only expressed in timid and rather apologetic terms. It seems to us imperative that such an important reform, by which officers would be given twice as long a course of training as they enjoy at present, should be frankly accepted, and carried out as soon as possible. It is not either necessary or desirable that the proposed two years should merely be devoted to drudgery. The inevitable result of greatly increasing the time for application to mere study would be to produce staleness towards the end of the course, and a decided reaction when it was over; and Colonel Kitson himself deprecated the idea of trying to work our cadets as severely as it seems the Americans work their cadets at West Point. What he wishes to see, and what we should all unite to encourage, is more work of an interesting character, and at the same time less school drudgery; more out-of-door "exercises", and as little as possible of anything resembling the pernicious cramming system. How infinitely better for the professional training of an embryo soldier that he should learn as much as possible of his work in this way; that he should spend a portion of the year under canvas, for example; and how infinitely pleasanter for him!

One of the many very unsatisfactory revelations made about Sandhurst methods was that our future cavalry officers have been learning entirely indoors the little riding they have been taught at all, except for an occasional visit to the still restricted and artificial precincts of the ménage. Can anyone doubt that they would learn to ride a great deal better, and at the same time enjoy themselves a great deal more, if they were taken out into the open country, and there occasionally shown how to get over natural obstacles instead of the everlasting riding-school "bar"? In this connexion we have more than once wondered why the idea of a separate cavalry college or academy does not ever seem to have been discussed. Much might be urged in favour of such an institution. Notwithstanding changes of tactics and of armament the cavalry remains as distinct an arm of the service as the artillery; its rôle in warfare has become more important than ever; and yet—if every competent authority and the testimony of marks won in examinations are to be believed—its officers continue to be the most lacking in education, even of an almost elementary kind. One great advantage of a separate cavalry college would be that the cadets who went there might be taught to be good riders, good officers, and good sportsmen, without the mischievous and snobbish corollary that they must at the same time live extravagantly. Mixing them with infantry cadets does not teach them this combined lesson, and it is contrary to experience that it should.

Many of the changes that have been recommended, indeed most of them, involve little more than intelligent, painstaking, and conscientious action on the part of the authorities. Such action, in similar cases that have arisen in the past, has been repeatedly looked for in vain; but, if it is true that the office of Inspector-General of Military Education is to be revived, it is only reasonable to believe that serious attempts will be made to justify that revival. We may also hope that the new department will find a rather wider "sphere of usefulness" than it formerly occupied; and we see no reason why it should not be allowed to conduct its one general examination for Woolwich, Sandhurst, and

Militia candidates, without having to go hat in hand to the Civil Service for assistance. We hope too that the new Inspector-General will show vigour and common sense in dealing with the question of an amended curriculum for the Military College. We have already said that we think the new course should be made to include more interesting practical work, more especially out of doors; but it must be remembered that this will necessitate alterations in the preparatory course, preceding admission to Sandhurst, which has thus also become a question of urgency. English composition will have to be promoted to a much more honourable and conspicuous place than it has hitherto enjoyed; and if this is done properly we may even live to see boys at our public schools taught to read and write their own language, so as to be able, when they become officers, not only to explain what they have seen and may wish to describe, themselves, but to interpret the orders of their superiors, still suffering from the disabilities involved by the less enlightened methods of the present generation.

Speaking generally with regard to the reforms we are expecting at Sandhurst, we think we may fairly count upon some decided improvements, at all events in the book and field portions of the educational system. We are less sanguine about the future discipline and moral of the Military College. We have often insisted that what is most required there is a thoroughly professional spirit; and until an unprofessional spirit ceases to be ingrained in the character of those from whom the example in such matters ought to proceed, it is perhaps unreasonable to look for anything but a very gradual change for the better. It may come gradually, however; and it is not altogether improbable that we may see, in the near future, officers as well as sergeants neither too proud nor too incompetent to impart the rudiments of drill to those with whose military training they have been entrusted.

It is really with reference to reforms involving some considerable outlay of public money that we feel least sanguine. Not long ago Lord Lansdowne, in defending the attitude of the Government towards military education, warmly repudiated the charge that they were actuated by cheeseparing motives. He pointed out with some apparent cogency the example of the £4,000 at one time voted as a reward for proficiency in foreign languages, and afterwards reduced to £1,000, explaining that this was done simply because officers had not come forward to earn the larger sum. He was not cross-examined, it is true, as to whether the whole jump from £4,000 to £1,000 could be justified in this way, and we believe that there is ample room for a more generous policy, in this respect alone. The kind of expenditure most required at Sandhurst just at present, however, is for more prosaic purposes. Structural extensions and alterations in the college buildings will be needed; increased pay for the staff—for that is what "extra inducements" always seem to mean—and all that is involved in a general increase of any large establishment. Six months ago we should have said it would have been quite hopeless to expect that the money would be forthcoming for such purposes; as it is, we can only hope that Mr. Ritchie will prove more amenable than we believe his predecessor would have proved. A good deal of money ought to be spent, and it would be wise in our view to spend it now.

POISONING BY PTOMAINES.

THE investigations into the cases of death, and the more numerous instances of dangerous poisoning short of death, which had their source in the eating of pork made into pies, show that the danger arose in conditions which not being peculiar to Derby may be found anywhere and at any time. It has been proved that the result was not due to any carelessness on the part of the persons who prepared the pies, and that nothing could have been discovered wrong with the meat by inspection at the time it was used. What was discovered however was of extreme importance though it involved nothing like culpability on the part of the maker and seller of the pies. The evidence of Pro-

fessor Delépine proved that there was found in the contents of the stomach of the deceased person a certain bacillus known as the bacillus enteritidis which has been known to produce outbreaks of disease similar to that at Derby. The bacillus was also found in the pie; and, though there was no evidence to show that the flesh of the pig was contaminated, the jelly was full of the bacilli which must have become infected whilst exposed during the preparation of the pies. The source of the infection was found to be the existence, a few yards away from the slaughter-house, of an ash-pit and an old form of sanitary arrangement which might be supposed to have become obsolete in a town like Derby, and of a drain inlet in a passage in which carcasses hung. No bye-laws had been broken; but it is obvious that the law which allows businesses for the preparation of food to be carried on except under the most rigorous provisions is seriously defective, and exposes the public to dangers which in view of the calamity at Derby seem to make the purchase of food equivalent to the purchase of so much poison.

The question of poisoning by the particular agency to which the deaths at Derby were due is of great interest. The poison which resulted from the action of the bacteria within the bodies of the persons who ate the pork belongs to the class of poisons called ptomaines that are allied closely to a number of substances known as the vegetable alkaloids which include a great variety of most powerful vegetable poisons such as morphine, strychnine, digitalis, and nicotine. There are many of these ptomaine products which act as poisons, and they were originally known as cadaveric alkaloids because they were first discovered to be produced by the decomposition of animal substances. Afterwards they were found to be the resultants of animal activity during life, and the two classes of ptomaines would be better termed the animal alkaloids in order to include both those which arise from putrefying processes and those which are the result of physiological action. Many of the more ordinary distresses of life such as headaches, and the feelings of fatigue, as well as more serious nervous troubles, are often due to the failure of the ordinary excretory processes to eliminate these toxic products of vitality. The relation of the bacteria to the animal alkaloids or ptomaines is that they act on the complex albumen molecule, which is the common ancestor of alkaloids whether animal or vegetable, and split it up into several less complex molecules, among which are the ptomaines. This is the process of putrefaction; and the kind of ptomaine formed depends on the particular kind of bacterium, the nature of the material acted on, and the conditions, such as temperature and so on, under which the putrefaction proceeds. As regards the nature of the material acted on, it is interesting to notice in connexion with these Derby poisonings that out of thirteen instances of similar outbreaks pig's meat of one sort or another was the material acted on in nine cases, butcher's meat (kind not stated) in two, veal in one and beef in one: and this is stated by Dr. Luff in Quain's Dictionary of Medicine to be probably a fair representation of the relative frequency with which swine's flesh gives rise to diseases from poisonous meat. But fish and cheese may also be attacked. Crabs, lobsters and mussels are the most exposed, the source of infection being the bacteria introduced through the medium of sewage-polluted water: a few months in the open sea removing the poisonous properties. Other poisons than ptomaines are of course produced in food of all kinds by the agency of bacteria. Why some kinds of food are more readily attacked than others that may be eaten with apparent impunity at a quite advanced stage of decomposition, as game for instance, whilst pork may be a possible poison though it is so slightly decomposed as not to be detected, is not at all clear. It is possible that, as decomposition proceeds, the earlier and more poisonous compounds may disappear and be succeeded by less noxious products. This is however a theoretic uncertainty which does not affect the practical side of the question, which is to prevent all foods in which decomposition is known to be dangerous being prepared under insanitary conditions for sale to the public.

But there is another and a curious danger from the production of ptomaines in the human body. It is quite possible, and might have happened at Derby if by chance one person only had died in the same circumstances, that suspicions might arise of foul play by poison. There have been cases where death has been pronounced to be caused by wilful administration of vegetable alkaloids which toxicologists would now put down as ptomaine-poisoning cases; and innocent people have possibly already suffered and may in the future, though medical witnesses are much more alive to the danger of mistake than they were before the study of bacteriology had advanced to the point it has now reached. The difficulty consists in the fact that there are no chemical reactions by which the ptomaines as a class may be distinguished from the vegetable alkaloids. As ptomaines are present to a greater or less extent, probably, in every organ which is submitted to the toxicologist for examination, it is clear that the most serious mistakes might be made if chemists were not on their guard against too great confidence in declaring ptomaine compounds to be of the poisonous vegetable alkaloids. The latter must have been deliberately administered with food or drink as a vehicle, the former might have been administered either as food taken in the ordinary course, the food itself being the poison and not merely the vehicle, or they might be found in the body after death as the result of the body's own poison-producing capacity during life, or they might have arisen in the process of putrefaction after death. Chemistry alone cannot say which is the solution, and further proof would have to be sought in specific symptoms which could only be produced by some particular known poison, and in the general circumstances in which the death took place. It is however important for the public to note that more innocent persons have been killed from undoubted ptomaine poisoning than are ever likely to be hanged because ptomaines have been mistaken for vegetable alkaloids.

THE MANAGEMENT OF TRUSTS.

THE Calico Printers' Association, established in the autumn of 1899, is, next to J. and P. Coats Limited, the largest British industrial undertaking. Its issued capital is £8,200,000 of which £3,200,000 is in four per cent. debentures and the rest in ordinary stock. Sixty companies and firms comprising about eighty-five per cent. of the calico-printing industry in Great Britain entered into the amalgamation which thus dominated the whole trade. The prospectus showed profits sufficient to pay four per cent. on the ordinary shares, but the directors "confidently expected far different and more profitable results in the future" owing to the great economies which would be possible. Hope told a flattering tale. The first fifteen months ending 31 December, 1900, showed, after paying debenture interest and £202,000 for interest to vendors that may be considered profit, a balance of £144,367 which was carried forward. The following year showed an even worse result, for the net trading profits were only £22,000, and the balance forward was reduced to £38,000. The shareholders then woke up and appointed a committee of investigation. Reviving trade has since somewhat improved the position of the company and the balance forward at the end of June of this year was £95,600. The £1 ordinary shares stood at 25s. 3d. in 1900: to-day they are quoted at about 9s.

These disastrous figures are the natural result of unreasoning imitation of American methods, and the blind assumption alike by vendors and public that combination is a safe cure for inability to manage business profitably. The vendors in many amalgamations have kept control in their own hands, and descending like a cloud of locusts in the shape of directors have settled down to a life of comfort in their old ruts; while the shareholders calmly expected that the men whose lack of managing ability had brought their businesses to the edge of bankruptcy would find the purse of Fortunatus on the board-room table. A brief experience has proved that the laws of business are as inexorable as those of

the physical world, and the absence of dividends has led to the appointment of investigating committees to do what should have been done at first—represent the interests of the shareholders, and see that the necessary economies and reforms are brought about. That distressful leviathan, the English Sewing Cotton Company, has lately had to accept the recommendations of such a committee that the directors should be reduced from seventeen to seven, and that the business should be reorganised virtually under the management of J. and P. Coats, Limited. The Yorkshire Woolcombers, whose want of success has been truly remarkable, have voluntarily reduced the number of the executive, and the directorate threaten drastic measures against vendors the results of whose businesses have not come up to the prospectus forecast. The shareholders in another unsuccessful concern, the British Cotton and Wool Dyers' Association, are agitating for the appointment of a committee of inquiry, and, most important of all, the report of the Calico Printers' committee now lies before us.

Shortsighted critics have hurriedly concluded from these facts that Trusts and similar combinations are growths unsuited to British soil, ignorant or unheeding that associations like J. and P. Coats, the Fine Cotton Spinners, the Bradford Dyers, the Yorkshire Indigo and Scarlet Dyers, and the English Velvet and Cord Dyers tell a different tale. The whole problem is in fact one of management, and while economists at the British Association prattle about the beauties of economic theory those who are interested in the more profitable study of economic practice will find few documents so fertile in suggestion as the report just alluded to. Its importance is increased by the fact that Mr. Philippi of J. and P. Coats—perhaps the most successful combination in the world—who was the chairman of the advisory committee, is mainly responsible for the proposals therein set forth. We have here, indeed, a brief treatise on trust management by one of the greatest experts. The report discloses a sorry state of affairs—an unwieldy board of eighty-four vendor-directors with no common policy and ignorant of each other's faces, let alone ideas, an executive committee with no definite powers, and a body of a hundred and fifteen vendor-managers jealous of one another and rebellious against the central management. A complete absence of responsibility characterised the Calico Printers' Association, and the shareholders at their meeting last Thursday had in consequence to agree to drastic proposals intended to establish a system of control which should have been instituted at the beginning.

The business of calico printing is an extremely difficult one depending on the capacity of its managers to satisfy the ever-varying demands of merchants who in turn are at the mercy of popular taste and fashion; but the committee express the opinion that the combined businesses can be conducted successfully without interfering with the "individuality" of the heads of branches, a fact which in itself shows the permanence of the idea of association in the future of our industry. In the first place they advise the reduction of the directorate to six or nine and the executive to two or four members, suggesting six names of which only one is that of a member of the old board. The executive is to confine itself to supervision and the larger business questions, leaving details to the managers, and the members are not to have the right of voting at meetings of directors. The board will have the duty of settling disputes between the executive and its subordinates. The branch managers are to be strictly under the control of the central authority so that the separate businesses may be worked as a corporate concern without competition or jealousy. At the same time we may point out that the relegation of details to the managers will obviate the evil animadverted on at the meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute at Düsseldorf, that improvements are hampered by the refusal of all initiative to works managers, and the remission of all questions to the boards of directors. The previous disorganisation is shown by the recommendation that recalcitrant vendor-managers should be dismissed without compensation. In order to provide the central authority with the requisite information and expert knowledge

seven advisory committees composed of the best branch officials are to be appointed to deal with works and production, prices, designs and styles, trading, concentration, cloth buying, and drugs and stores. These committees will consist of from three to eight members each, and to attain membership would be a legitimate object of ambition and would be a way of rewarding special ability. The report also urges the directors to devise some workable method of payment by results for the encouragement of officials. Both these recommendations may be paralleled by the actual practice of the United States Steel Corporation which augurs well for their success if adopted here. We are again close on American precedent in the proposal for a comprehensive statistical department, whose labours would enable effectual comparison to be made of the results of the different branches. It is hardly too much to say that on the organisation of such a department hinges the whole working of a combination. After Professor Dewar's scathing remarks on the poverty of British equipment in applied chemistry it is of special interest to see that Sir W. Mather advises the creation of a technical department staffed by competent and highly-paid chemists for research and the training of scientific managers. Finally, we may quote one general piece of advice. The committee observe that in private companies, and especially in combinations, the danger is that "too much reliance is placed upon the possibility of obtaining higher prices, whereas it is in the case of a public company of the greatest importance to supervise every item of expenditure, to compare closely the cost of production and of distribution with what it was formerly, and to reduce it wherever it can be done with safety. Only by these means can the interests of the shareholders be protected". Herein too are the interests of the consumers concerned, and for their better protection as well as for the smooth working of business we would urge the appointment of a joint committee of merchants and representatives of the association to control questions of prices and the like. Such a committee exists at present in the Bradford Dyers' Association.

SUBORDINATE PATRIOTISM.

MR. BALFOUR in his recent interesting address at Haddington coined the very useful phrase subordinate patriotism. It is wanted in these days when the citizens of every progressive European country have to learn to associate themselves, in sentiment and material interests, with fellow-subjects from whom they have been originally separated by geographical barriers, by race, by language or religion, or perhaps by centuries of historic conflicts. We say in these days because, though this is what has been going on since the beginning of things, and is the process by which every great nation has been built up, we are in one of the great periods of this cyclic process. The nation is passing into the Empire, and the aim of the Empire-builders is that in every member of it there may be created a feeling for the whole equal in quality and strength to the patriotism which distinguished it before its incorporation. The two are to exist side by side, and the patriot of the smaller area is to learn that the altars of his fathers and the temples of his gods are to form part of a common Pantheon, and that he is no more to ride into the sacred enclosures of his ancient enemies and insult their holy of holies. In short he must become subordinatedly patriotic, and not allow his patriotism to be offensive in the presence of those whose patriotism has not been produced in the same district as his own. This must be a long and painful operation, and it is hardly in fact ever carried far enough to satisfy good sense and politeness, though it may be sufficiently advanced for creating an empire. The Englishman and the Scotchman, or Irishman or Welshman, always remain rather suspicious and jealous of one another, and there is a natural aversion amongst them which constantly takes delight in scoffs and jeers, and finds expression in numberless little pin-pricks of contempt and insult. No doubt the Australian feels very much the same towards the Canadian: the Australians certainly

feel so towards each other; and these feelings have survived Australian federation, and will exist after imperial federation has been an accomplished fact for centuries. Subordinate patriotism is in fact so curious a thing that individual Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen or Welshmen perhaps dislike one another, until they have become personally very well acquainted, more than they do any other members of the human race, unless they are black men.

Proximity, if people do not actually dwell within the same boundaries geographical, or it may be purely artificial like those of parishes or counties, or urban or rural sanitary districts, seems really to accentuate dislike. Local jealousies and rivalries are very likely the remnants of the original local feelings and peculiar interests of the disconnected units which, after centuries, have been welded together into so much of homogeneity as exists in a country with a history sufficiently stirring to have given rise to what we call patriotism. There is nothing mystic about the feeling. Half of it springs from pure gregariousness. It is an extension of exactly the kind of feeling which exists between those who live in one village towards those who live in another. In England, for example, the patriotism of the Englishman has grown out of the local municipalism or feudalism which marked off the inhabitants into districts more aloof from one another than nations are at the present day. Race, language, religion do not count for much against the separation of interests produced by settlement in different regions. Patriotism is au fond the sentiment of proprietorship and exclusiveness, and a nation's patriotism is very much like the feeling of ownership of an estate or any other kind of property. Long possession gives rise to a species of pride, and if people dwell sufficiently near each other for a considerable time within territorial limits they will become very like each other from mere imitation and custom, and they will consider as a virtue everything which distinguishes them from other portions of the human race living under different conditions. But one man's vanity is not necessarily that of his neighbour, and therefore the individual who to himself is clothed with patriotism as with a voluminous garment may be to another the insidious enemy of his country. The English party system is a convention which conceals these differences of opinion under decent forms; something in the same way as a social etiquette forbids you from being rude to people whom you utterly dislike. Unless in very exceptional circumstances it is against the rules of the game to declare in public your distrust of the patriotism of a man who is enrolled under a recognised party banner. When the party system is well established it is evidence that the process of eliminating sectional and local or subordinate patriotism has gone on to a very considerable extent. If either of the parties could assimilate the Irish patriots then the supreme triumph over "subordinate patriotism" would surely be accomplished.

Mr. Balfour indeed dwelt on a danger which seems to impress all the speakers who take patriotism for their theme. They fear lest we should all become so much alike that ancient landmarks would be destroyed, and a general levelling take place with an "absence of those variations which are of the essence of a full concrete and healthy national life"; the loss on this side being then as great as the gain from the larger patriotism. The risk seems very small. Cosmopolitanism is a danger which has always been made much of by governments since Cato objected to the presence of Greek teachers in Rome; and hundreds of years ago in England the establishment of foreign merchants here was objected to on the ground that they introduced laws and customs contrary to the fixed laws and customs of this realm. Yet after centuries of changes in England, during which the central government has absorbed the ancient jurisdictions, and most of the old customary laws have passed away, and free communication has placed every locality in direct connexion with every other, the spirit of neighbourhood holds its own. The victory of a county cricket team would cause more elation within the county if it were gained over a rival county than the victory of an

All England eleven over any other national eleven, even were it a team of Colonials or Scotchmen, by whom we should hate to be beaten in proportion to our nearness of kin and closeness of alliance with them. We must remember that it is easier to identify oneself with a neighbourhood than with a country, with a country than with an empire, because our personal interests and egoism attach themselves more easily to the nearer object. The family is dearer than the nearest of these, and the individual is—commonly—dearer to himself because nearer than even the family is; and he is at an inconceivable distance from the idealism of cosmopolitanism. There is as little danger in patriotism losing itself in cosmopolitanism as in the individual becoming an infatuated altruist and ruining himself by indiscriminating benevolence. Perhaps many of us may find we are not as pure patriots as we think ourselves until we begin to reckon how far to our own personal disadvantage we would go through love of our country. What comparison do we make between our personal and private griefs and a national calamity, providing that this does not involve us in any particular individual loss? Test the question that way, and we shall find there is always a reserve store of personal and local prejudice, of vanity and obstinacy, to prevent the greater idea from swallowing up the rest. An interesting illustration is given in the championship of Sir Redvers Buller by the Devonshire men and women; and it is desirable to emphasise the women because they incarnate more completely than men the local instincts, and sentiments, and prejudices, which constitute the lesser as opposed to the larger patriotism. But there is not a county in the United Kingdom that would not have defended Sir Redvers Buller against the opinion of the rest of the kingdom if he had been one of the county men. A man's local pride resents any disparagement, right or wrong, of a fellow county man for the reason that it lowers his proper dignity. This is what county pride may be analysed into, and it is just so with national pride or patriotism.

FAIRY AND PHANTOM IN LAKELAND.

ELEVEN years ago a Lake-District family was moving house, "flitting" into another valley at some distance. As soon as the new address was made known, a cottage neighbour called, with a long face and evident concern. She is dead now, and there is no harm in telling what she communicated in strict confidence. "Did Mrs. — know that the house she had taken was haunted? and was it right to take the poor children there?" The kind old thing was quite mistaken: it was not that house which was haunted, but the next on the same road. The haunt was a lady in white. Years before, it had been notorious. Then the house lay empty for awhile, and then it was tenanted by people who did not encourage ghosts. Still the countryfolk held to the belief. By and by came 'new tenants and they asserted that the ghost was there. So energetically they asserted it, that the writer of a history of the neighbourhood, a travelled, educated F.S.A., took note of the phenomena, and while pooh-poohing most of the local "boggles" and "dobbies" wrote of this, "We can neither explain away nor exorcise this phantom". People often say that the belief in ghosts is extinct, but here is evidence to the contrary. You might suppose that the literary man was laughing in his sleeve, or playing with a picturesque fallacy; but the old cottager was in earnest, and meant her warning to be taken seriously.

The belief in ghosts is very far from dead. It lives on like the dialect, which survives the School Board; changed, of course, as all living language must change with time, but still, happily, distinct from the official English of public speaking and printed writing. Most of the old superstitions of the Lake District have been told, over and over again, in the guide-books, but there is a point about these well-known terrors or "flayings" which is worth notice. It is not merely that the hard-headed dalesfolk, a very unimaginative race, have still kept to the beliefs which we are told have perished; but that these beliefs are extremely old, and handed down with very slight variation from quite

primitive times. This is the more curious because there are hardly any traditions about matters of fact or history in the Lake District. The Keltic peasant has still some memory of ancient king and battle long ago, while the Lake dalesfolk, descended from Anglian and Scandinavian backwoodsmen, have no such tales to tell. But there is a certain small cycle of myths, which are tacked on to places where striking incidents happened, because they express the popular feeling about the event, though they record nothing about the circumstances. Wherever a crime or a catastrophe has occurred, people tell one or other of the stock stories; just as they give vent to their affection or sorrow in hackneyed tags of song or Bible texts, not in any full expression of feeling, still less in spontaneous, original phrase.

Everyone knows Armboth on Thirlmere, where it is said that a bride was murdered after a midnight wedding; but the haunt that attaches to the place was in the form of strange lights in the windows (the same story is told at Hawkshead) and a black dog, like the Mauthe Doo of the Isle of Man. At Dalehead, on the opposite side of the lake, there was another murder once; but the "boggle" that keeps it in memory is the mystic fire, like the Burning Bush, which blazes out at night but burns nothing. Then there was the case of the man who was drowned in Esthwaite Water: the belated rustic sees, not a dripping Palinure, but a white calf which disappears with a weird noise—a distant descendant, perhaps, of the bull Glossy in Eyrbyggja-saga. A woman was killed near Hawkshead, and the place is known, not by her shade crying for vengeance, but by the thing that jumps up behind your horse or cart, Atra Cura herself, a well-known Teutonic terror.

The Philipsons of Calgarth were a stirring family, perhaps not over scrupulous; but the expression of the fact is given in the legend of the "Skulls that Come Back". The same story is told of Hornby Hall near Penrith and other places. There was a great accident at the Ferry on Windermere in 1635, as Mr. Cowper tells in his history of Hawkshead parish; the event was more or less forgotten, but the oft-told tale of the ghostly call for the ferryman (worked up by literary hands into the romance of "The Crier of Claife") seems to be the real folk-lore monument of the event. We must not forget the Wild Huntsman who, in the shape of Uther Pendragon, is said to haunt Shap-fell, the loneliest part of the old North Road, where no doubt "regrettable incidents" have occurred in plenty; but Uther's Castle of Pendragon—perhaps connected with him by accidental resemblance of names—is far away at the other side of the county. Phantom coaches and boats are heard of now and then; the phantom armies of Southerfell and Helvellyn may be natural phenomena, though this too is not without parallel in ancient myth. All these are common types of folk-thought, cropping up again and again, whenever occasion suggests; and the ingrained habit of mind does not seem to be rubbed out by any amount of educational polish. When the Need-fire was lighted in 1840, William Pearson, the friend of Wordsworth, described it with curiosity as a folly which would hardly be indulged again. They lighted it with friction, took the embers from place to place, built a bonfire and drove their cattle through, to heal them of the murrain. One farmer, it is said, drove his wife through the burning; what was good for t' beasts would be good for t' dame, he declared. Others, trying to reconcile themselves to old use and wont, said that the smoke would be a preventive against infection; and it is quite possible that the same apology may excuse it in the future, for after Pearson's time, in full 19th century, the Need-fire was often lighted. In the Southern Lakes it was common in 1847; at Troutbeck it was used in 1851, and in Cumberland as late as 1865 or 1866.

Witchcraft in mild forms was frequent. We have known at least one white witch, who wrote her charms on Windermere side. Magic remedies for toothache, warts and other ailments are certainly not extinct; the holed stone may still be seen hung up in stables against evil influences, and of course the horseshoe at the door is found everywhere. The usual account is that these things have died out within

the last generation; nobody owns to belief when he is questioned; but sometimes a hint leaks out. For example, the Brownie who churns and sweeps, and Fairy Butter which it is good for cattle to eat, are recorded by Mr. Cowper as known half a century ago at Hawkshead; but Mrs. Hodgson in 1900 could tell of them as still found by judicious and not too open inquiry in Cumberland. Mr. Cowper's witch that turned into a hare, at Outgate near Ambleside, was only remembered by an old man who had heard his mother talk of it; but Mrs. Hodgson has caught a real live hare-fairy still haunting the neighbourhood of Carlisle. "There was a fairy that looked like a hare. It was a *real* fairy, but a man caught it for a hare, and put it in a bag, and thought he would have a nice Sunday dinner. While it was in the bag it saw its father outside, and he called to it 'Pork, pork'! (query, Puck, the Icelandic *púki*?) and it cried out 'Let me go to Daddy'! Then the man was angry and said 'Thoo ga to thy Daddy'! and it went away to its Daddy; and he was *very* much disappointed at not getting his Sunday dinner".

According to the still current maxims which bid you bow to the new moon, never step on your shadow, and so forth, you must not turn back after leaving home, unless you meet a hare. Much trouble is saved in the Lake-district proper by the fact that hares are nearly extinct there; but that is not at all the case with the ancient Teutonic mythology.

FRENCH RAILWAY DEVELOPMENT.

III.—THE OUEST, ORLÉANS, STATE, AND MIDI LINES.

THE Ouest railway connects Paris with the west and north-west parts of the country and serves the whole of the district stretching from Dieppe and the lower Seine valley to Brest and Quimper on the western ocean. Dating from 1855 it is the result of an amalgamation of five older companies, the Rouen, Havre, St. Germain, Ouest, and Dieppe, and its mileage now exceeds considerably that of any line in Great Britain. The earliest section brought into use was that between Paris and Versailles which was opened in 1840. Rouen was connected with Paris in 1843, with Havre in 1847, and Dieppe in 1848. The Normandy line beyond Lisieux was finished as far as Caen in 1855 and prolonged to Cherbourg three years later but the extensions of the Brittany line proceeded slowly and Brest, the other great naval port commanding the English Channel, remained without railway communication until 1865.

On the south side of the water the short sea routes via Calais and Boulogne are in the hands of the Nord; but the Ouest is supreme at the ports Dieppe, Havre, Cherbourg, and S. Malo, from which the remaining cross-Channel services are conducted. On the Dieppe line the company's interests do not stop at the coast for, like the Nord at Calais, it owns a share in the fleet of steampackets running thence to England, and itself works several of these under the French flag.

Almost alone amongst the railways of the Continent the Ouest has from time to time shown a slight tendency to adopt English engineering methods. It has used "chair road" for its permanent way; seventeen years ago it obtained for trial from a British firm a compound locomotive similar to those then in favour on the London and North-Western, and at the Paris Exhibition of 1889 it was represented by an express engine which, though designed and built in France, might have passed unnoticed on any English line. This same engine was again exhibited at Paris in 1900, but beside it the company also placed one of the standard French pattern by which it has been superseded.

The various train services over the Ouest system are slowly improving but as a whole they are still much behind the times. Much of the coaching stock is antiquated, and English visitors to the recent Exhibition, accustomed to the conveniences given even to third-class passengers by our own lines running north and west from the capital, would be annoyed to find

still in force the extra charge of a franc in addition to the first-class fare for the privilege of riding in a compartment to which a lavatory is attached. The company's new corridor trains are however excellent.

Immediately to the south of the Brest territory lies that of the Paris-Orléans company, which came into existence in 1852 through the amalgamation of the Orléans, the Centre, the Tours and Nantes, and the Orléans-Bordeaux lines. It serves a large district of triangular shape between Paris, Toulouse, and the extreme north-west of Brittany. The oldest part of the system is the short section between Paris and Corbeil which was opened in 1840. The main line was opened from Paris to Orléans during the spring of 1843, from Orléans to Tours in 1846, from Tours to Poitiers and from Tours through Saumur to Nantes, just over half a century ago, and from Nantes on to S. Nazaire on the Bay of Biscay in 1857. Bordeaux was connected with Poitiers, and so with Paris, in 1853. The company's other great route, which diverges at Orléans and goes thence southward, was opened as far as Châteauroux in 1847 but was not completed throughout until several years later. It does not penetrate independently into Toulouse but stops short at Montauban, from which point the Orléans trains make use of the Midi track. Between the Bordeaux and Toulouse lines there are various cross-country connexions of some importance and from Limoges a branch runs east giving the Orléans company access to Clermont-Ferrand and the health resorts of the Auvergne.

The Orléans is not a railway with which English travellers are as a rule very familiar, but the services provided are generally very fair and the company shows an amount of generosity to third-class passengers rather unusual on the Continent.

Wedged in between the Brittany line of the Ouest and the Bordeaux line of the Orléans lies the State system, the main line of which goes from Bordeaux through Saintes and Saumur in the direction of Paris. Before reaching the capital however it comes to an end by a junction with the Ouest company at Chartres, and from there the State through trains have to be content with running powers over the Ouest metals for the remainder of the distance. Between Bordeaux and Paris the tracks of the Orléans company and the State are closely parallel and never very far apart, so there is a certain mild competition for traffic. The State also controls the port of La Pallice, the French point of call of the Pacific line of steamers from Liverpool to the various countries of South America.

The remainder of the south-west part of France is occupied by the Midi company which has two main lines running from Bordeaux, one through Montauban, Toulouse, and Narbonne to Cette and Montpellier, the other through Dax and Bayonne to Spain. There is also an important line which forms the third side of the triangle and runs across from Bayonne to Toulouse. The Midi dates from 1852 and holds a concession until the end of 1960. The oldest part of the system is the section between Bordeaux and La Teste opened in 1841; off this the Arcachon branch was built sixteen years later. The southern main line runs as far as Lamothe over the La Teste track and was completed beyond Lamothe to Dax in 1854, to Bayonne in 1855, and on to the Spanish frontier at Irun in 1864. At the same time the Toulouse line was under construction and by 1855 was brought into use from Bordeaux to Tonneins, being carried on to Valence and Toulouse in 1856 and from Toulouse to Cette in 1857. The company's third route is a little more recent and was opened in sections from time to time, the middle length between Lourdes and Pau having been finished as lately as 1867. A short junction railway uniting the different systems at Bordeaux was brought into use in 1860.

The Midi resembles the Lancashire and Yorkshire line in that it is the only large railway in its country the work of which is carried on entirely away from the chief city; but it looks after its passengers fairly well and serves a number of places much in favour with English travellers to whom the names of Biarritz, Pau, Lourdes, or Luchon, are almost as familiar as those of Leamington or Brighton. After many years of uneventful life the Midi suddenly began to show great

energy in dealing with some of its express services and advanced into the very front rank amongst the railways of France—and consequently of the world—in the matter of speed; and until recently the run of 67½ miles between Morceux and Bordeaux in 66 minutes was the fastest made by any train in Europe. In the autumn of 1900 however occurred the accident to the Sud Express, the cause of which seems likely to remain in doubt, and since then the company has as a matter of precaution reduced its best speeds to a less sensational level, maintaining nevertheless in some cases a maximum which in England would be considered very fair.

While the main line of the Midi produced the quickest expresses seen in Europe up to the close of the nineteenth century, the East and West route from Bayonne to Toulouse presents some of the heaviest gradients in the world, so that in either case the work of the company has been carried on under difficult conditions. It has been compelled accordingly to pay particular attention to the question of tractive power and it is interesting to note that both for high speeds and great effort it has found the standard French system of compound locomotives with four cylinders strikingly successful. For the fast work engines similar to those in use on other French lines are employed; for the mountain sections the company has introduced modifications of the pattern with smaller wheels and one or more additional coupled axles. If, as many assert, the application of electricity to railway work will in the early future make the steam locomotive obsolete, it is safe to say that of all the varieties of engines in existence the types now in use on the Midi line will be amongst the last survivors.

"WHAT WOULD A GENTLEMAN DO?"

THE philosopher in every age has been annoyed by the vague way in which words are used in common speech by his fellow-beings. "You say this and you say that", he snaps; "but what do you mean by this? And kindly define that." And his fellow-beings, as he expected, stammer after a long pause that by "this" they mean—well! "this", and by "that" just "that". And the philosopher is left to demonstrate, triumphant but not listened to, what his fellow-beings really do mean, or rather what in his opinion they ought to mean. There is, I think, something to be said for their indifference to his demonstration. Their rough and ready use of words is, on the whole, quite good enough for all practical purposes of intercourse, and any serious attempt to rummage under the surface of their own vocabulary would involve them in something worse than a waste of time: horrid confusion would supervene. No one would know what anyone else was driving at, or even what he himself was driving at. Everyone, in fact, would be a philosopher, with all the vices of remoteness and obscurity and aimlessness peculiar to philosophy, and the world really could not go on. Men know what they mean by (for example) the term "justice", simply because they don't know what they mean by it, having never given ear to Plato or any of those others who have tried so laboriously to tell them. However, though the philosopher is useless (and might be worse than useless) in trying to elucidate such terms as "justice", which have a fixed and permanent signification for mankind, he has his humble use in dealing with terms which are used in different senses by different persons, or whose common usage varies in one generation and another. Take for instance the term "gentleman". There is a fashionable tendency to use it as connoting various moral qualities—truthfulness, courage, consideration for the feelings of others, disdain to do a mean action, and so forth. Most people, on the other hand, still use it in a merely æsthetic sense, to suggest a dignified port, an urbane and easy demeanour, a correct pronunciation of words, a knowledge of what to do and what not to do in the lighter emergencies of life. Here, you see, is a real danger of confusion, and an excuse for the philosopher to interfere. Borrowing for a moment his cap, I should urge that the æsthetic is the right sense in which to say

"gentleman", and that those who (in the morbid modern fear of being thought snobbish) are using it in the other sense should cease to do so, substituting some such term as "good man" or "spotless knight". By so doing they would make for clarity. It is always a dangerous and reprehensible thing to tamper with the traditional meaning of a word in one's own language. And the traditional meaning of "gentleman" has nothing at all to do with morality. "When Adam dived and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?" would become a very pointless question if the modern use of "gentleman" were to become inveterate in us. For, according to that use, Adam at the fall had so very obviously ceased to be a gentleman. It would be a pity if we lost the couplet's old true meaning, that "it takes three generations" to polish a man's manners, and that there can have been no master of deportment before Irad.

I suspect that Irad himself was rather a rough diamond. For the gentleman, like the poet, must be both born and made; and, even supposing that he can be born in a simple and primitive community, he cannot be made except through that artifice and tradition which come only of a complex civilisation. Gentility (another word which has been prostituted by our fear of snobishness) is the result of an instinct inherited and elaborately trained in the heir's elastic youth. You might send a street-arab to the best of our public schools, and you might send to a board school Mr. Kipling's "son of a belted earl"; and in neither case would the subsequent adult be a gentleman. Breeding and rearing are equally essential. In the ordinary way, of course, it does not much matter to a man whether he be a gentleman or not: either he is one, or he isn't; and in whichever sphere he happen to find himself he has other and more important things to think about. But sometimes it happens that the fact of not being a gentleman is the primary obsession to a man's mind. Take the case of a man, ill-bred and ill-reared, who by recent accident of wealth finds himself cast among his superiors in rank. If he have modesty and good sense enough to recognise that these people are his superiors not only in rank but also in the graces of life, and if he be sensitive enough not to be content with their perfect willingness to take him as he is for the sake of his riches, and if his health be so sound as to be no distraction, his whole life will be overshadowed by the regret that he is not a gentleman. This is his tragedy. Moreover, if he be still fairly young, and a man of spirit, he will strive, in the face of fate, to become a gentleman. This, whether we ourselves be gentlemen or not, is one of our comedies. In every age, wherever there has been a complex social life, this foredoomed effort towards self-gentilification has been one of the favourite themes of the comic dramatist. More than one masterpiece has been made of it. In England and in this generation it has been tried several times, but not with mastery. And doubtless it is that tempting void which lured Mr. Gilbert Dayle (not alas! into itself, but) into the writing of "What Would a Gentleman Do?" a play now being acted at the Apollo Theatre.

I fancy that Mr. Dayle, but for the aforesaid dubiety of the term "gentleman", might have written a fairly amusing play. But, instead of taking the word in its æsthetic sense, and sticking to that, he took both senses in a half-hearted way; and the result is very incoherent. The early scenes, where we see the young parvenu feverishly turning the leaves of a manual of etiquette, are quite funny as farce; if the play were developed on this plane, all would be well. But presently "gentleman" looms up in the moral significance, bringing a cloud of dulness with it. The parvenu has paid a debt of honour for a young man of whose sister he is enamoured. The young man drops the cheque, and it is picked up by the sister, who feels herself accordingly compelled to accept the parvenu's offer of marriage, though she cannot stand the sight of him and is desperately in love with someone else. The parvenu, later, overhears her explaining why she has accepted him. He releases her from her engagement, and she is duly betrothed to the other man. The parvenu learns that the other man has been guilty of a certain very wicked

action, which, if revealed, would debar him from the society of decent men and women. What does the parvenu proceed to do? He proceeds to accuse himself publicly of having committed the very wicked action, and is, I suppose, quite fully recompensed by the knowledge that the girl who is all in all to him will presently be led to the altar by the man who actually had committed the very wicked action and who had blandly allowed him to incriminate himself. That is a kind of self-sacrifice familiar to all playgoers; and apparently Mr. Dayle thinks very highly of it, for does he not (entitling the act in which it occurs "What a Gentleman Would Do") suggest it to be the very acme of gentlemanly behaviour? If Mr. Dayle had satirically shown to us the parvenu behaving in this idiotic and unscrupulous manner under the delusion that it was the only right manner for polite society, then I should have found the satire amusing, though a trifle far-fetched. But as Mr. Dayle is terribly in earnest, and claims for his hero an exemplary moral rectitude, the only thing to do is to condole with the poor gentleman on his complete lack of moral sense, and to urge that if ever again he happen on a subject which seems to him equally susceptible of moral and æsthetic treatment, he must not for an instant hesitate as to which is the right treatment for him to apply.

The part of the parvenu is, as I have hinted, a farcical part, until it becomes melodramatic. But Mr. Louis Bradfield, doubtless oppressed by the strange dignity of having no song and dance, and by fears that the critics would accuse him of not being able to shake off old habits, was very evidently determined to be comedic at all costs. Thus some of the fun evaporated, the rest being saved by Mr. Bradfield's frequent involuntary lapses into genial farce. To play so stupid a part as has been assigned to Mr. Frank Mills must be a sad infliction; but I think Mr. Mills might make more effort to dissimulate his broken spirit. Let him profit by the brave example of Miss Nina Boucicault, who manages to seem, with equally little reason for being, quite cheerful.

MAX.

BRITISH LIFE ASSURANCE.

THE official returns of Life Assurance Companies published by the Board of Trade supply a lot of raw material, from which it is possible to deduce fairly reliable conclusions as to the progress and condition of British life assurance as a whole, and of each life office in particular. The accounts of individual companies are in nearly every case published by the companies themselves many months before the Blue Book appears, and in regard to this point the Blue Book is little more than a convenient record of information already possessed and criticised.

The summaries of the revenue accounts and of the assurances in force are the official statements of the total business of British life offices and afford the best material for forming an opinion upon British life assurance as a whole. These summaries, however, are by no means perfect for such a purpose, since they include the Colonial and foreign business of British offices, and exclude the British business of Colonial and foreign companies. They are moreover by no means up to date, since the Blue Book published in 1902 contains for the most part the revenue accounts and balance-sheets up to 31 December, 1900; while the summary of the assurances in force is based upon Valuation Returns which may perhaps have been issued as much as five years before the publication of the Blue Book. As no more reliable statistics are available the only thing to do is to make the best use we can of the official summaries.

One of the most interesting facts to work out is the rate of interest obtained upon the funds. Using the generally accepted method of taking the mean of the funds at the beginning and end of the year, deducting half a year's interest, and seeing what percentage of this amount the interest received comes out at, we obtain £3 14s. 2d. per cent. as the average rate of interest earned upon the total funds. In making any comparison between this rate and the return upon investments of any kind, it must be remembered that life

assurance companies necessarily have among their assets considerable sums which are not earning interest, such for instance as agents' balances and balances at the banks. The non-interest earning assets amount to over £14,000,000 out of total assets of £288,000,000.

The rate of interest shown by the latest official returns is somewhat disappointing, since it is considerably below the corresponding figures of previous years. The first Blue Book to show a return of less than 4 per cent. was that published in 1893: the return exceeded £3 16s. per cent. until the Blue Book of 1900, when the rate was £3 15s. 5d. In the following year the rate was £3 15s. 7d., and this year it shows the large decrease of 1s. 5d. per cent.

Unfortunately this decline in the rate of interest is not balanced by an increase in the value of investments, in fact the increase in value of investments is much the smallest ever recorded, being only £13,000; while the decrease in value is quite exceptionally large, being £266,000. Too much reliance must not be placed upon these latter figures, since many companies only revalue their assets at each valuation, which is usually every five years. So that the investments of the majority of companies may have either increased or decreased in value without the fact being shown in the Blue Book for any one year.

This decrease of 6s. per cent. in the course of about eight years is a somewhat serious matter for policy-holders, since it almost necessarily means that the results previously obtained cannot be repeated. Of course insurance as an investment compares as favourably as, perhaps more favourably than, before with other investments, and by the majority of companies the falling off in the rate of interest has been more than counterbalanced by the adoption of a lower rate in valuing the liabilities. There are probably very few companies which have not lowered the rate assumed in their valuation by at least one half per cent., and several companies have lowered it still more: the result of this course is to leave the margin of surplus derived from interest greater than before, when a higher rate of interest was being earned. The adoption of a lower rate in valuing the liabilities involves stronger reserves, and these reserves have had to be provided from surplus which would otherwise have been available for distribution as bonuses. To a great extent, therefore, the results of a lower rate of interest have already been provided against, and, especially in the case of companies valuing at 2½ per cent., the margin for surplus from interest is large and no further addition to the reserves is likely to be required for very many years to come.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE INACCURACIES OF AUTHORS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Royal Colonial Institute, Northumberland Avenue,
London, W.C., 13 September, 1902.

SIR,—I trust that Mr. Algernon Warren's interesting letter on the above subject, printed in your columns to-day, may evoke others, whose contents may hereafter be collated and formed into a booklet. The ordinary, unthinking reader is apt to pass any statement unchallenged, and needs an observant critic to guide him, just as a Laputan philosopher required a flapper. It is only the other day that Count Tolstoi was convicted of an astronomical impossibility, which he perpetrated in perfect good faith, which also escaped the notice of his accomplished translator. That Thackeray should make such a slip as to call one in a hundred five per cent. is the more singular when it is remembered that the same author's creation, Sir Pitt Crawley, is perfectly correct in his reduction of a farthing a day to £ s. d. I apprehend, however, that when Mr. Barnes Newcome says "Me dance!" he is intending to express contempt for his hostess of the night before. Ethel knew quite well he could dance well enough if he liked, or she would not have asked the question.

That Dickens, a most exacting employer, who required specimen after specimen from his illustrators before he was satisfied, should have passed such contradictions with his text as he occasionally did is indeed marvellous. To cite two in addition to the Blimber blunder; in his succeeding novel, the last illustration represents a visit paid by David Copperfield and some credulous Middlesex magistrates to Pentonville, where they encounter Uriah Heep and Steerforth's valet, both convicted felons, and serving their time. They are drawn in ordinary wearing apparel! "Bleak House" contains two illustrations in which Jo appears attired totally at variance with the account in the letter-press, which describes him as barefooted (as every crossing sweeper was at that period), and wearing a mangy fur cap (whereas he is shod in both) and in the first of the two he sports a battered steeple-crowned hat. After the publication of "Little Dorrit", Dickens and "Phiz" parted company, but the latter was never adequately replaced, his incongruities notwithstanding.

In every edition of Sir Walter Scott's "Old Mortality", from that published in "Tales of my Landlord" in 1817, down to a sixpenny issue by Ward and Lock in 1889, appears a simple but important misprint whose existence is perfectly amazing, seeing that Sir Walter, after Shakespeare, has been more edited and revised than any other British author. The passage is in Chap. VIII., where old Mause, denouncing her master's Erastianism to Bothwell and the troopers who have raided Milnwood, is made to say:—"It is the evil deed of Ahab, when he sent money to Tiglath-Pileser; see the saame Second Kings, saxteen and aught (eight)." Most assuredly this powerful and victorious King of Israel, twice conqueror of the Son of the Smith, whose daughter Athaliah was married to the heir-apparent of Judea, a kingdom at that time in close alliance with Israel, was under no necessity of bribing any Assyrian king, and never did so; the king referred to in the chapter and verse correctly cited by Mause was Ahaz, who reigned at Jerusalem about 130 years later, and whose kingdom, weakened by dissensions with the neighbouring State ever since the downfall of the Omri dynasty, was then struggling for existence. Sir Walter could never, when putting the words into Mause's mouth, have intended the error to originate with her; the old Covenanter had her Bible at her fingers' ends, which is more than can be said for the editors and printers of the novelist.

Yours, W. J. G.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Reform Club, Pall Mall, S.W., 24 Sept., 1902.

SIR,—In your issue of 20 September Mr. John P. Beecher remarks, that "there is such a thing as going to extremes in discovering and pointing out inaccuracies in the works of others".

His letter is in itself an illustration of the truth of the statement, as it attributes an error to Shakespeare which has before now been shown to be no error at all.

"He gives a sea-coast to Bohemia", says your correspondent—referring to the well-known passages in "A Winter's Tale".

It may interest Mr. Beecher, and possibly others, to be reminded that Apulia was known in the Middle Ages by the name of Bohemia (an article on the subject will be found in the "New Review" March 1891).

Shakespeare may, or may not, have been aware of this when he dramatised Robert Greene's story of "Pandosto", but it is a curious fact that there too Bohemia is described as being a country on the sea coast.

One need not, I fancy, worry much over "errors and anachronisms" in Shakespeare, but it is well to avoid making the number larger than it really is.

The other errors of Shakespeare mentioned by your correspondent seem capable of being used to refute the contentions of persons suffering from the so-called Bacon-Shakespeare mania, so conclusively dealt with in the series of articles which appeared recently in the SATURDAY REVIEW. For instance, there is no difficulty—as even Baconians will admit—in assuming that

the Stratford actor might have thought that clocks were known in Cæsar's time, that Hector could have quoted Aristotle, and that Coriolanus could have referred to Cato; but how, we may well ask, could Bacon, with all his classical and philosophical knowledge, ever have been guilty of anachronisms of so glaring a kind, if we assume that he wrote Shakespeare's plays?

Perhaps some Baconian will explain.

Your obedient servant,

EDWARD SULLIVAN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

13 September, 1902.

SIR,—With final reference to the error in Charles Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth" I see that it appears in Chatto and Windus' 1902 edition as well as in that of 1894 from which I extracted.

Yours faithfully,

ALGERNON WARREN.

FISHING RIGHTS IN BROADLAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Stalham, Norfolk, 11 September, 1902.

SIR,—Ever since Mr. Justice Romer gave his decision in the famous Hickling Broad case several of the so-called Broad-owners have been gradually debarring the public from enjoying free fishing on some of the Norfolk Broads and in two or three instances they have actually closed the entrances of Broads to which everyone has had access from time immemorial. A year or two ago the fishing on Barton Broad and the adjoining Sutton Broad was free; but now, in spite of the fact that these Broads are undeniably tidal, a charge of two shillings in one case and a shilling in the other is demanded of every angler. On Wroxham Broad, which is also tidal, a charge of half a crown a day is made. That the persons who make these charges are not satisfied in their own minds as to the legality of their action seems evident from their taking no steps to compel anglers to pay the fees when they refuse to do so. As a rule, however, visitors in Broadland do not dispute the charges, owing either to their ignorance of the local conditions in regard to a tide or a natural disinclination to run the risk of becoming involved in vexatious legal proceedings.

So far as the fishing rights are concerned the whole question seems to rest on the proving of a tide. Mr. Justice Romer held that the rights of fishing in and shooting over Hickling Broad were vested in the riparian owners, to whom, it was contended, the Broad was allotted under an Enclosure Award; but he decided that the public had the right of passage and navigation over the Broad, without restriction to any particular channel. If he had been satisfied that the Broad was tidal he would have granted the public the sporting rights also; but, not being familiar with the waters in question, he accepted the statements of certain witnesses who maintained that the undenied variation of water level and current was due to accidental causes. This decision, of course, applies only to Hickling Broad; but it has been the cause of the remarkable development of sport-grabbing which has lately gained for the riparian owners of Broadland such an unenviable reputation.

Residents in the neighbourhood are well aware that nearly all the Broads are tidal; but as a suspicion of interest might attach to their evidence if it were produced in a court of law it is felt by the honorary officials of the Broads Protection Society that if another test case is to be fought there must first be obtained undeniable scientific evidence of a tide. Such evidence will of course cost a considerable sum—at least £200; and it is a regrettable fact that the Society's appeals for funds have met with very unsatisfactory response. Still it is hoped that a sufficient amount will be raised to enable the Society to fight a case some time next year, and as, in consequence of the deepening of Yarmouth Harbour, the tidal influence upon the Broads

is yearly becoming more marked, there is good reason for believing that better times are in store for anglers in Broadland.

At the present time matters are in a very unsatisfactory state, and Broadland folk generally agree with a writer in the "Westminster Gazette" who stated in regard to the Hickling decision that "if some law court had decided that Snowden was a level plain its opinion could not have been received with greater derision and incredulity".—Yours truly,

WILLIAM A. DUTT.

"THE KEY TO JANE EYRE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, W., 20 September, 1902.

SIR,—Mr. Malham-Demleby is evidently annoyed that I should have commented on his article in a spirit of satire. It seems that I do not understand the difficulties of the subject, and am "not on good terms with my own pen"—whatever that may mean. The only difficulty of the subject to me—one which, I venture to think, must have been shared by many of your readers—was to understand how anyone should regard "Jane Eyre" as a locked book, to which Montagu's Letters supplied the key. I endeavoured to point out that the chief coincidences on which Mr. Malham-Demleby relied were either absurdly trivial or entirely imaginary, and that his arguments were of the same character as those of the Baconians, which have recently been dealt with in the SATURDAY REVIEW. That I refrained from dealing with all his points seriatim was not due to "self-denial", but to a regard for your space, and a fear of insisting overmuch on the obvious. It appeared to me a case where

Ridiculum acri

Fortius et melius *parvas* plerumque secat res.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

H. V. R.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Erewhon.

SIR,—May I point out to H.V.R. that while Mrs. Gallup affirms Shakespeare has been guilty of the suppressio veri and Bacon of a most astounding suggestio falsi Mr. Malham-Demleby simply suggests that Charlotte Brontë used for her mill of genius wheat garnered by others.

There has been no miller of genius from Cervantes, Molière and Shakespeare himself downwards, who was not or is not an adept thief of *raw* material.

If H.V.R. will turn to the third volume, page 220 of "The Inheritance" written by one Miss Ferrier, he will find these words in the mouth of a character named Lewiston:—

"Why these are what we give to our porkers t'other side of the water."

The reference is to peaches, and if H.V.R. knows, as doubtless he knows, his "Pendennis" he will find closely the same words in almost the same circumstances in the mouth of Betsy Amory's father.

He will find more:—He will find likeness in the plot of "The Inheritance" and "Pendennis", and he will find a statement by Pen himself that he took the plot of his successful novel from a former work—by himself.

Your obedient servant,

F. C. CONSTABLE.

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

East Toronto, Canada, 3 September, 1902.

SIR,—It is the settled object of the United States ultimately to include Canada" (SATURDAY REVIEW of 31 August). Is this correct?

Americans who favour union of the two countries are mostly newspaper editors, in search of subjects for "screamer" editorials; Government lobbyists, with an eye to new openings for political appointments; manu-

facturers of certain classes of goods, who are anxious to get free entry to Canadian markets; or, simply politicians of the "expansionist" order. But all these together are an insignificant fraction of the United States people.

Americans who would strenuously oppose the admission of Canada to either commercial or political union, comprise the following classes:—Farmers, all over the Union, because they know that the free admission of Canadian farm produce would bring lower prices in every American market. Working men, of every grade, in dread of the results from an inrush of Canadian cheap labour. Railroad companies, because union would give Canadian railways free access to the United States coalfields, and put the Canadian lines in a position to compete on equal terms with United States lines in every border city. Steamboat companies, because Canadians would become competitors in coasting trade between United States ports, from which they are now excluded. Manufacturers having branches or local agencies in Canada—of these there are a great number—would oppose union on the obvious ground that it would place their rivals in as advantageous a position as their own establishments.

Many thousands of Americans holding Government positions along the frontier, such as Customs officers, consuls, commercial agents, special inspectors, collectors, Customs brokers, political agents, &c., would find themselves thrown out of employment, by obliteration of the international boundary.

Taxpayers generally would look upon any proposition for union as a mere pretext for transferring to the United States the responsibility for the payment to British capitalists of interest upon the enormous sums which constitute the national debt of Canada and of the several provinces.

Ecclesiastics and ecclesiastical organisations of all sorts would be opposed: the Roman Catholics, because they know their co-religionists in Canada would speedily be dispossessed of every privilege which they now enjoy; Protestants, because they do not wish to see the political power of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States increased by the addition of two million adherents of that communion.

Yours &c.

C. B.

IRELAND AND FREE-TRADE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Dublin, 20 September.

SIR,—I am sorry you should think "An Irish Judge turned economist" unlikely to be acquainted with the facts of Irish life and Irish industry. If I am ignorant of these matters, it must be from lack of ability, not from lack of opportunity. I was born about the time of the Repeal of the Corn Laws. I have lived all my life in Ireland, and I have been brought into close contact with all sorts and conditions of men in Ireland, both north and south. In my boyhood I used to hear the farmers of the County Down talk about the poverty, the struggles, and miseries they and their fathers endured between 1815 and 1845 when Protection was at its height. I have seen with my own eyes the prosperity which the same farmers enjoyed for thirty years after the Repeal of the Corn Laws. I have seen them build new and commodious houses with well-furnished drawing rooms. I have seen pianos brought into those drawing rooms and teachers visiting their houses to teach their daughters music. I have seen their sons educated for the Bar, for medicine, for the Indian Civil Service. I have known of their investments in bank stock and railway stock. It would be very hard to persuade me that Free-trade was the ruin of the County Down farmer.

It is true that since 1878 farming has not been so profitable in Ireland as it was for thirty years before. But the farmer is far from being ruined. He has at least maintained the standard of comfort and living which he acquired in his thirty years of great prosperity: his savings have not been dissipated, as the statistics of deposits in the banks show; his daughters and sons

are still well educated and find their way into honourable positions in life. Above all, the astounding prices which are still paid for the tenant's interest in his farm are a conclusive proof to my mind that the ruin of Irish agriculture is still far off.

For many years past I have seen much of the farming classes in the south of Ireland. I say without hesitation, as the result of my observation, that their standard of living is rising rapidly—that their houses, their food, their clothes are all better than they were. I have evidence before me continually of their dealings with the local banks, of the marriage portions they give their daughters, of the prices they get for their holdings. An Irish farmer who is steady and industrious and knows something about his business is sure to thrive. Orators and theorists tell us that Free-trade has ruined Irish agriculture. I do not know where they find their facts.

It is hardly necessary for me, to say a word about other branches of Irish industry. Anyone who has known Belfast and the north-east of Ireland since the fifties (as I have) will find it hard to believe that Free-trade has injured Irish manufactures. We heard at the British Association from Sir Robert Patterson that the linen industry has of late years been declining; but Ireland under Free-trade has suffered least; France, Germany, and Belgium under strict Protection have suffered most. Shipbuilding in Belfast under Free-trade has grown to vast proportions during the very time when Protection was killing shipbuilding in America.

There may, of course, be other facts which have escaped my notice; but I may say that I have repeatedly "pondered" the statements made by Irish politicians and other Protectionists, and I am wholly unable to reconcile them with my own observations.

Yours very truly,

JAMES J. SHAW.

[It is extraordinary how prosperous even Ireland may become when a theory is at stake. Judge Shaw has seen certain Irish farmers grow rich and certain Irish towns thrive, but does he deny that the depopulation of Ireland, concerning which Mr. B. Allen gave some very interesting figures, has been largely occasioned by agricultural changes due to Free-trade? If some people and places had not prospered under free imports presumably even a Cobdenite would be convinced that, whatever their effect half a century ago, to-day they operate to the advantage of our commercial rivals.—ED. S. R.]

"THE STUDY OF WORDS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Winchester, 23 September, 1902.

SIR,—I suppose the word "talented" is now good English in spite of the hot protest made against it by Coleridge, in whose time it seems to have been a vulgarism. Seemingly, too, such an expression as "a man of talent" (to "a man of talents" nobody has objected) is sound current coin. At any rate we find so good a writer as Mr. Gosse using it in his article on English Literature in one of the new volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, though Trench, some time about the middle of the last century, stigmatised it as nonsense.

And this brings me to the real purpose of my letter. Whether in this particular matter Trench were right or wrong I venture no opinion, but I urge that the six beautiful lectures on the study of words, which he addressed to the pupils at the Diocesan Training School in this city, should be republished in a cheap edition and used in schools, colleges and training establishments throughout the Empire. The solemnity of language is a lesson finely taught by Trench: it is too little heeded to-day.

Yours faithfully,

R. L.

REVIEWS.

MR. PAUL'S ARNOLD.

"Matthew Arnold." By H. W. Paul. English Men of Letters Series. London: Macmillan. 1902. 2s. net.

WE were half afraid for a moment that we might not be going to find Mr. Paul at his brilliant best when we read among his very first sentences that for the understanding of Matthew Arnold "a capacity for appreciating form and style, the charm of rhythm, and the beauty of words, is undoubtedly essential". Of what meritorious poet could not that be said? but the platitude struck us as peculiarly unhappy when applied to Matthew Arnold. Mr. Paul both sees and says later in his essay that in spite of the lovely and, as one likes to think, immortal examples which Matthew Arnold gave us of the beauty of words no poet ever showed a more amazing aptitude for periodically letting his reader down with a thump by means of some abrupt colloquialism, vicious inversion, metrical cacophony, or phrasal falsetto. Take the apostrophe to the Stars and Waters—

"Still, still let me as I gaze upon you
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

It is a pity no doubt that a perfectly grammatical expression should have this disillusionising conversational sound. But so it is, and poets have to circumvent these little pitfalls as Gray for example did when he wrote "Nor you, ye proud", &c., where the "ye" saves the situation. "That urbane and stately poem" could never have contained such a line as Matthew Arnold's, which always reminds us of a young lady's letter describing the delight of "looking up at the Alps and feeling how small one felt". Take again the shocking fatuity of such things as—

"But so many schemes thou breedest
That thy poor head almost turns!"

a mode of writing which a really great master of style would never have imported from Germany. Nor are the inversions less ugly and disconcerting; a heinous example is that in "Empedocles" about Love's right hand—

"Which the lightnings doth embrace",

and we get it again in the following highly characteristic stanza—

"I will not know. For wherefore try
To things by mortal course that live
A shadowy durability
For which they were not meant to give."

Let a reader try the effect of putting these words in their proper sequence. This trailing topsy-turvy quatrain is surely best described in Dryden's phrase as—

"A hobbling kind of prose
That limped along and tinkled in the close."

In the matter both of the inverted and the prosaic Matthew Arnold was of course the literary heir of the poet who thought that he made peasants talk the "language of common life" when he made them say—

"My name is Alice Fell
And I to Durham, sir, belong"—

or—

"Down to the stump of yon old yew
We'll for our whistles run a race."

It is noteworthy that Wordsworth at his best would write whole poems—"The Affliction of Margaret" is an instance—without a single inversion. In an exclusive repertory of good things, such as the "Golden Treasury", they are seen to be equally rare in good English poets of every epoch. As for prosaicisms, Mr. Swinburne, who has lately turned round on his old idol, formerly instanced Arnold's use of "convey" in the lines

"Come airs and floating echoes and convey
A melancholy into all our day"

as a felicitously Wordsworthian adoption of a word commonly confined to prose. That may be so in an individual case; but his addiction to prose words surely furnished Matthew Arnold with more flaws than felicities. His verse vocabulary abounded in such words as "relegate" and "discern" (this last a great favourite frequently emphasised with rhyme) and in ultra-prosaicisms such as "every function less exact". In more than one passage the Soul "leaves its last employ" like a page-boy bettering himself. As for cacophonies the line

"And by contrition sealed thrice sure"

can probably be read aloud by few. Mr. Paul goes so far as to think that some of Matthew Arnold's unrhymed lyrics make it permissible to doubt whether he had any ear at all—but then Mr. Paul is more set against the rhymeless lyric than we chance to be. One little point about Matthew Arnold was perhaps not quite unsympathetic—his fondness for italics in poetry. Even in prose italics savour of the forcible feeble but when a poet whose metre, given an educated audience, should endow him with all the dominion of emphasis and pause, condescends to the cheap intervention of italics he is no better than the child that scrawls below its drawing—"This is a cow".

Twenty years ago what we are saying here had hardly been said—though it has been said since, in effect, by Professor Saintsbury and one or two others. It was rather curious that Matthew Arnold's style was held up for so long as entirely impeccable. Partly it was a parrot cry—swelled no doubt by the strong appeal which Matthew Arnold naturally made to Oxford sympathies—and, among the more unthinking sort, by an idea that so serious and constant a critic of style must himself have a style above criticism—a kind of variant on the thesis that "who drives fat oxen should himself be fat". Moreover who but must feel a certain sense of sacrilege in picking holes in even the worst verses of poets over whose best they have shed tears? With the prose it was slightly otherwise. Men began sooner to ask each other what has now passed into commonplace—whether the author was not indictable for self-repetition and flippancy? Mr. Paul remarks in his amusing way that Matthew Arnold's attitude was often that of the Bellman in "The Hunting of the Snark"—"What I tell you three times is true". He also cites a self-repetition simply and baldly verbal—the passage about "The European Reviews" with its four sentences each ending with the identical words "and with as much play of mind as may suit its being that". As he says this kind of thing becomes excruciating and we have always thought with him that the sentence at the end of a famous essay—"Let S. Francis—nay, or Luther either,—beat that!" is a monumental instance of misplaced levity.

Mr. Swinburne accentuated the anomaly of Matthew Arnold's parentage by calling him David the son of Goliath. Whether Dr. Arnold was in any injurious sense a Philistine or what influence he had on what Bagehot called his "small apple-eating animals" we need not now stop to inquire; but it was indeed a curious incunabulum for the lackadaisical volatility of a Matthew Arnold. He was a dove from an eagle's nest—and Horace says, without meaning it, that when haughty eagles propagate a dove he is not without pugnacity. And so this dove of sweetness and light and *εὐκλεία*, whose amiability and utter unresentfulness are strongly brought out by Mr. Paul, would still be pecking away at his age and his countrymen—at their country seats "the great fortified posts of the barbarians", the hideousness of hymns and villas, the paucity of ideas and ideals in England, the undovelike dissidence of dissent, the vulgarity of Bottles, the coarseness and crudity of our literature as compared with that produced under the sway of Academies. In all this, who shall say that he did not do good in his capacity of one who was neither an optimist nor a pessimist but in Harriet Martineau's phrase a meliorist?

What his influence, if any, was upon the politics of his age might be worth a separate inquiry; but Matthew Arnold as a poet can never be dissociated from religion—"morality touched with emotion". As for his attacks on orthodoxy and his ambitious coinages in the way of definition, they need not detain us long.

That Orthodoxy cannot in truth be re-formulated by any individual efforts of phrasemaking. Whewell observed that nothing was gained by calling the impenetrability of matter "The Ungothroughsomeness of Stuff" and in a like spirit an Oxford essayist remarked apropos of Matthew Arnold's metaphysics, that to degrade "I am that I am" into "I blow and grow that I do" was not a praiseworthy achievement. In fact Matthew Arnold could do but little to substitute "streams of tendency" and other coinages for shorter and more sacred terms. Mr. Paul does not, we think, refer to a detailed examination of this terminology made some seventeen years ago in the "Contemporary" by the late Mr. Traill. It simply "came a-two in his hands" like the housemaid's bit of china and it does so once more here in those of Mr. Paul. But though the poet may have contributed little to theology—and though like his great model he may often have been dispar sibi in literary finish—in poetry at all events he never fell below himself in high seriousness of soul. When Matthew Arnold approached the shrine of poetry all his flippancy fell away and left him in that "hidden ground of thought and of austerity within". Whatever may be thought of the literary style of such a couplet as "Tasks in hours of insight willed" &c. (and to us, we admit, it has sometimes seemed rather jingly) the thought has no doubt already helped many and will help many more. There are not too many English poets who have drawn a real inspiration from religion without being ecclesiastical like Keble or despairful like Clough.

Mr. Paul is perhaps not quite so good here as when he is saying just what he wants to say unhampered by the necessary details of a short memoir. As he points out, the materials for a Life of Matthew Arnold are not copious and his personality never came out in his letters. On one little point we think Mr. Paul hypercritical. He suggests that the word "oblivion" in the lines

"Oblivion in lost angels can infuse
Of the lost glory and the trailing wing"

might be called inaccurate because it is the unsoiled glory and the soaring wing that the angels would remember. Surely however a man might say—"I hobble out every day to my work, but I cannot forget my rheumatism". But that is truly a trifle. Mr. Paul is known to us all as a brilliant causeur in literature and "so let him sit with us for many an hour".

AN ENGLISH CONSUL IN PARIS.

"Memoirs of Sir Edward Blount, K.C.B." Edited by Stuart J. Reid. London: Longmans. 1902. 10s. 6d. net.

THE record of a life spent in Paris since 1829 among the men who have made history could not be otherwise than interesting and Sir Edward Blount has been well advised to write his Memoirs. The reader must not expect to find any very profound reflexions upon the great events among which the writer has moved, but the philosophy of modern French history has found so many expounders that we may well be content with the simple record of events to which Sir Edward Blount has wisely confined himself. A son of one of the best known Catholic families he obtained a post in our Embassy in Paris in the last years of Charles X.'s reign, and from that time almost up to the present his name has been familiar to men of affairs in the French capital and to all who have business connexions with France. It is unnecessary to dwell on the services he has rendered as British Consul towards the maintenance of a good understanding between sensible people on both sides of the Channel. To give some idea of the immense period covered by Sir Edward's reminiscences: he danced with Queen Hortense in Rome in 1830 and greeted M. Loubet at the Gare S. Lazare on his return from Versailles on the day of his election in February 1899. Sir Edward has therefore seen the fall of three dynasties and two Republics, and he has known the leading French Ministers from Talleyrand to Delcassé. It is impos-

sible that with such a vista to contemplate Sir Edward should not have something worth telling about great Frenchmen of the period, but in this respect his Memoirs cannot vie with many others: it is his connexion with the rise and growth of the French railway system and his experiences in Paris during the siege that give interest to some of these pages.

Sir Edward was appointed the British representative in besieged Paris during the absence of our Ambassador. We were always under the impression that Sir Edward Malet (then first Secretary) remained in the Embassy during the siege, but we do not find any record of his presence there in these pages. A far more glaring inaccuracy is to be found in a passage on p. 273 where the writer actually states that Lord Cowley was our Ambassador to France just before the outbreak of the war of 1870-1 and that "his (Sir Edward Blount's) efforts to impress him with the gravity of the situation were unavailing". As a matter of fact Lord Cowley ceased to be Ambassador two or three years earlier. From a previous sentence it would seem that Sir Edward for political or other reasons never had any liking for Lord Cowley and saw little of him. If that were so, it is all the more to be regretted that the author and his editor should have allowed so grave a charge against a man no longer living to refute it to remain uncorrected. Sir Edward undoubtedly rendered great services to his country by undertaking the charge (no light one) of the British subjects who remained in Paris. As to Lord Lyons, we cannot doubt that he did right to keep in touch with the de facto French Government: there were the general relations of England and France to look after and the interests of all British subjects resident in France, not merely those who were obliged to be in Paris. In this connexion we may note an interesting conversation recorded by the author with Mr. Gladstone regarding the destruction of certain English coal ships by the Prussians and the offer by the latter of a ludicrous compensation. Lord Granville's apology in the House of Lords had not redounded to the credit of a Government which did little to vindicate our honour abroad, and the Prime Minister told Sir Edward that "if he could have done it, he would have made reprisals by an appeal to force". We are curious to know whether this means that Mr. Gladstone was overruled by his Cabinet or by even more august influences or whether it was a mere idle flourish. He had no liking for the new German Empire and it would be interesting to learn if he were really desirous of taking the opportunity for intervention. Sir Edward was of course much associated with Sir Richard Wallace during the siege and gives some instances of the generosity of a man who was one of the most sagacious distributors of great wealth known to history. His gift of a thousand drinking fountains to Paris, at that time a city singularly ill supplied with drinking water, is an instance of his common sense as well as his great generosity in public benefactions. Some extraordinary instances of his generosity in private are also recorded.

There are one or two good stories about De Morny and Persigny, the two men who between them made the Second Empire and whose intelligence no less than their vices gave its stamp to the régime. Persigny on one occasion summoned the editors of the principal Parisian papers and gave them the strictest injunctions that at that particular time they were to refrain from attacking foreign Powers. "Then what are we to write about?" said John Lemoine the foreign editor of the "Débats". "Mais mes amis," replied Persigny "il vous reste l'Angleterre! Vous pouvez dire ce que vous voudrez des Anglais parce qu'ils s'en moquent". This wise attitude we no longer maintain so strictly as we did. We allow ourselves to be disturbed by the ink-slinging of rival "quill cattle". The knowledge we have acquired as to the methods of the Press abroad and as to the real weight to be attached to the writers on our own has not helped us to ignore them both; but we seem to be disposed to allow them to threaten us with grave international dangers in the future, when we should be far better advised to return to our former methods and laugh impartially at them all.

A SWISS PICTURE OF ENGLAND.

"A Foreign View of England in the Reigns of George I and George II." By César de Saussure. Translated by M^{de} Van Muyden. London: Murray. 1902. 10s. 6d. net.

WITH the opening of the eighteenth century England became much better known abroad, especially in France, than she had been. This was due to the new position she acquired in foreign politics during the war of the Spanish Succession, and by the Peace of Utrecht, and to the German sympathies of the Hanoverian kings. Meanwhile identity of interest, both dynastic and political, for a brief period laid to rest that national rivalry which had divided us from France since the accession of William III, and led to the Triple Alliance. Under these influences many notable Frenchmen visited England, learnt our language, and studied our institutions with admiration. And yet with the exception of Voltaire's letters there are scarce any descriptions of England by foreigners during the eighteenth century. The "Letters on the English Nation" by Battista Angeloni were really written, as we learn from Boswell, by Dr. Shebbeare a contemporary and Tory friend of Johnson, and so far as we know the only other first-hand account of England by a foreigner during the century is that by the German Moritz who in 1782 published an account of his travels, which, though it is a more superficial work, in some ways resembles this of de Saussure.

The letters of César de Saussure now published for the first time are very welcome. The writer, a Swiss gentleman, evidently appreciated England, and we are not surprised to hear that he subsequently accompanied Lord Kinnoul, our ambassador, to Constantinople and for a time filled the place of First Secretary to the British Embassy at that capital. He was a man of keen observation, who, if he saw our virtues, was not blind to our faults. The result is a most just and impartial account of England during the early part of the eighteenth century. The artlessness and naïveté of the style which have been well preserved in the translation give to the letters a peculiar freshness and charm; and they are free from the sharp-tongued and unkind criticisms which so often disfigure the pages of our English writers of the time, such as Lord Hervey, Lady Mary Montagu, and Horace Walpole. Our author confines himself almost exclusively to London and its suburbs. Hertfordshire is the only county of which he gives any description; and much as he admired the Thames he did not succeed in finding out where it rises. London he tells us was undoubtedly the largest and most populous city in Europe. "The city is ten miles long, from Milbank to Blackwall, and about three from Southwark, habitually known as Sodricks, to Moorfields; it contains more than one million inhabitants." The Thames "the foster mother of this great city is everywhere wide, beautiful and peaceful; . . . every tide brings vessels containing immense treasure from every quarter of the globe, so numerous that they almost hide the river below London Bridge". He admires the London Squares and Gardens, and the mansions of the nobility and the areas at their base. They lie he says in the Liberty of Westminster, but notes that Hanover and Cavendish Squares are not yet finished. The Strand, Fleet Street, Cheapside and Cornhill he considers the finest streets in Europe, and is much struck with the pavements on each side of the street "which enable you to walk without danger of being knocked down by coaches or horses". He describes the most important buildings of England, and classes St. Paul's with St. Sophia and St. Peter's as the three handsomest churches in Europe. He cannot we think have known the great churches of France. He praises the penny post of London and also the supply of water—which however was never drunk—and describes the machinery used to raise it, which reminds us that steam power was already in use for stationary engines.

M. de Saussure appears however to have delighted above all in ceremonies and pageants. He was present at the drawing-rooms of George I. He tells

us to our surprise that Schulenburg the mistress of the King, nicknamed The Maypole, was a fine handsome woman, and begs his reader not to be scandalised to hear that His Majesty kissed the ladies on the lips "since it is the custom of the country". The elaborate account of the coronation of George II is of interest. "It is impossible" he says "for me to make you understand and imagine the pomp and magnificence of this solemn procession which took more than two hours to pass before us". . . . "What embellished this ceremony greatly was the magnificence of the jewels. The Peeresses were covered with them, and wore them in great quantities on the fronts of their bodices, in their hair, as clasps for fastening their robes and cloaks, without counting their necklaces, earrings, and rings". Indeed the Queen's dress was so much embroidered with jewels (all however of them borrowed as we are told by Lord Hervey), that she declared next day that what fatigued her most was the weight of her skirt. The ordeal was too much for the aged Duchess of Marlborough. In utter weariness she took a drum from a drummer and sat thereon to rest; whereat the crowd "laughed and shouted at seeing the wife of the great and celebrated General, more than seventy years of age, seated on a drum in her robes of state and in such a solemn procession".

The most interesting of his letters are however those which deal with the Government and the Church, and with the habits, customs and character of our people. It is M. de Saussure's opinion that England is the best-governed country in the world, and the country where greater freedom is to be found than elsewhere. This he is inclined in part to attribute to our party system. For, says he, "were there in the country neither Whigs nor Tories the tendencies of the court would be blindly followed and the fundamental laws of the State would suffer seriously by this state of things; despotism would soon be established as it is in France. On the other hand, if the Tories did not uphold the King's authority and power, and if everyone followed the principles of the Whigs the country would soon be in a state of anarchy, as was the case in the time of Charles I. and of Cromwell. Numbers of prudent politicians who are not blinded by foolish prejudices, or by their own particular interests, are convinced that this form of Government is the happiest in the world, and they sometimes side purposely with the weakest party, so as to preserve to the country a wholesome equilibrium". While generally praising the laws of England and our system of justice and of trial he condemns the law with regard to debtors and thinks it unfair that the terrible punishment of being burnt alive should be inflicted on a woman who murdered her husband, a servant who murdered his master, or a clergyman who murdered his bishop.

Of the general character of the upper classes he gives a long description, which strikes one as discriminating and just. Cold and taciturn by nature, they are often thought to be proud; and certainly are "more prejudiced in their own favour than any other people". They look on foreigners, and especially on "the French Dogs" with contempt. But though not demonstrative in their friendship, they are for the most part sincere, generous and kind-hearted, eminently sensible and trustworthy. They are no flatterers and carry their love of independence and their dislike of trouble to such a degree that they "live according to their own tastes and ideas and do not consider that fashion is to be followed with servility". Although very brave, as they have often proved themselves in the late wars, they do not often practise duelling. They are however much addicted to suicide, a trait which M. de Saussure in part attributes to their fearlessness for death, although he thinks that it is also due to a certain illness that causes "the deepest and blackest melancholy", from which he himself suffered. "Some doctors say beer causes this sickness, others that it is owing to the denseness of the air and the coal-smoke you breathe." We would suggest that it was influenza, a disease which is especially mentioned by Moritz.

Englishmen are not very courteous to women, they take no notice of them when they leave the dinner table and generally prefer drinking and gambling to

female company. They are not generally well educated—and are great swearers, more especially the naval officers; an account of whom he begins with the expression "Good Lord! what men!" Both men and women are very clean "Not a day passes by without their washing their hands, arms, faces, necks and throats in cold water, and that in winter as well as in summer". The women are much fonder of display than the men, and while they walk fast and well, M. de Saussure thinks they do it "more in order to show their clothes than for the pleasure of the exercise". For the rest, they are generally very pretty especially the country lasses; they are very tender-hearted, and "do not despise foreigners as the men do". Of the lower classes, M. de Saussure does not think so highly. He describes their general prosperity, notices that they dress well, and that none, even of the lowest, wear wooden shoes or go with naked feet. But, he says, "the lower populace is of a brutal and insolent nature and very quarrelsome" especially on such festivals as that of Lord Mayor's day, when their licence extorts from him the declaration that the English "vulgar populace is the most cursed brood in existence". It is interesting to compare this account of English society and manners with that given by the so-called Battista Angeloni. The one is a satire, the other a bona-fide expression of opinion. Nevertheless their description is in substance the same. The England of which they tell is not a wholly pleasing one. The fault of the time and especially of the earlier decades of the century lay, as Mr. Lecky has aptly put it, "not so much in the amount of vice, but in the defect of virtue, in the general depression of motive and the absence of unselfish and disinterested action". And yet we see beneath all this the sound and vigorous common sense of the English people, and, if in the matter of polish and refinement we had much to learn from France, yet our social and political conditions in most respects contrasted most favourably with those existing in any other country in Europe.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE ELIZABETHAN REFORMATION.

"The Elizabethan Prayer-Book and Ornaments." By Henry Gee. London: Macmillan. 1902. 5s.

THE author who has already achieved a reputation in the field of sixteenth century Church history by his book on the Elizabethan clergy and the settlement of religion here seeks to clear up the mysteries of the 1559 Prayer-Book and its Ornaments Rubric. In reference to the compilation of that Prayer-Book he draws attention to the fact that the general contemporary view was that the second book of Edward VI. had been restored. For the theory that Elizabeth personally desired to lay before Parliament the first Prayer-Book of Edward VI. he can find no contemporary authority whatever except such as the Ornaments Rubric itself may supply. The evidence from contemporary authorities which he adduces certainly shows that, if any such idea ever suggested itself to the Queen, it never took serious shape. The careful reader of his pages however will note that some alternative proposals to the revival of the second Edwardine book were at least considered. At one time Elizabeth is telling the Spanish ambassador that it is her desire "to restore religion, as her father left it", at another time she is for setting up the Augsburg confession, or something like it. Possibly the difference between the formula in the administration of the consecrated elements at the Holy Communion in the second Edwardine and Elizabethan Prayer-Books, a subject on which Mr. Gee is disappointingly silent, may be partially explained by the royal desire to conciliate Lutheranism. Whether indeed there was any detailed revision or consideration of the second Edwardine Prayer-Book by a committee of divines at this period must now be considered very doubtful. The letter written by Guest to a Privy Councillor (supposed to be Cecil) containing references to a revision (a letter

which by the way has given the Church Associationists one of their strongest arguments against the legality of the eucharistic vestments) is shown by Mr. Gee to have been probably written in 1552 and to relate to the second Edwardine and not to the Elizabethan book.

The great crux of the Elizabethan Prayer-Book, the Ornaments clause in the Act of Uniformity, receives here an impartial and original treatment. To realise the importance of Mr. Gee's discoveries, it is necessary to consider the past history of the controversy. The Act which we are considering restored the second Edwardine Prayer-Book with three specified exceptions, and, as these exceptions in no way related to the ornaments either of the Church or the Minister, the effect would no doubt have been to restore the rubric in the second Edwardine Prayer-Book, which established the surplice as the only legal vestment; but the scheme of the Act was limited by two provisos in sections 25 and 26, the first of which enacted that such ornaments of the Church and of the ministers thereof "should be retained and be in use as was in this Church of England by authority of Parliament in the second year of Edward VI., until other order" should "be taken therein" by the authority of the Queen with the advice of the Commissioners for causes ecclesiastical or "of the Metropolitan of this Realm"; while the second empowered the Queen to ordain further ceremonies or rites. The natural effect of clause 25 was, as Mr. Gee admits, to restore the use of the ornaments in use under the first Prayer-Book of Edward VI., if not those authorised in the second year of his reign, until other order was taken. Unquestionably the clause was intensely disliked by the Genevan party in the Church, none the less, if in fact (as Mr. Gee suggests) the clause was inserted in the Bill by the Popish party. In spite however of Sandy's unscrupulous suggestion, the Elizabethan Privy Council appears at first to have intended to give to the provision its proper effect. The Rubric in the Edwardine Prayer-Book was altered to meet the proviso. Had it been allowed to remain it would in the existing state of the law have been misleading. The theory of modern Protestant controversialists that the Elizabethan Rubric constituted a fraud on the Act of Uniformity has no contemporary justification. But soon after the insertion of the Rubric the Injunctions of 1559 were issued. These Injunctions Mr. Gee considers to have been a taking of further order. (By the way section 25 speaks of "other", section 26 of "further order".) With this view we cannot agree. The Injunctions claim for themselves no authority whatever under the Act of Uniformity. They contain no reference either to the Archbishop or to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners; it is certain that at the date of their issue there was no Archbishop of Canterbury, and it is very doubtful if there were any Ecclesiastical Commissioners. They claim to be issued under the authority of the Privy Council and any legal authority that they possessed must have been derived from the Supremacy Act. The only contemporary evidence that our author can adduce for his view is a letter of Archbishop Parker written in 1577. The letter however will not bear his construction. At the furthest the Archbishop suggests that the Injunctions for the placing of the Holy Table and for the Communion bread may have been a taking of further order under section 26, not a taking of "other order" under section 25. In any case however these Injunctions could on no fair interpretation (by the way even where they seem to sanction the replacement of the stone altar by the Communion Table they treat it as a matter of indifference, whether the Lord's Supper is ministered on one or the other) justify the destruction of vestments crosses and crucifixes carried out by the royal visitors, and in the early months of 1560 the Queen is insisting that the crosses and rood images must be replaced.

"Vestigia nulla retrorsum" however in a revolution. The Bishops were disloyal—but dispensed with they could not be. The Queen gave way on altars, crucifixes and rood images; but as to vestments, there was to be a compromise. By the Interpretations and Further Considerations, the cope was to be used "in the administration of the Lord's Supper, and the surplice in all

other ministrations". Puritanism however defied the compromise, as it defied the law and at last in 1565 Elizabeth ordered Parker to restore order. So in 1566 came the Archbishop's advertisements, which insisted on a minimum standard, the cope at the Holy Communion in cathedral and collegiate churches, the surplice otherwise. These advertisements were however no taking of either "other" or "further" order. The Erastian Puritanism, which won a lawless triumph, in fact never was able to put itself right with the law, for it never succeeded in getting rid of the Ornaments Rubric.

MODERN FORTIFICATION.

"Notes on Fortification with a Synoptical Chart." By Major B. R. Ward. London: Murray. 1902. 5s. net.

PART of this little book is very valuable for those who desire to keep pace with the times, and replace what perforce they must forget. Five-and-twenty years ago we were still in the clutches of Vauban, and the "permanent systems" which succeeded his era. The "re-entering place of arms", the "ravelin", the "curtain", the "fausse braye", and the "bastion", were amongst the most valued properties of the scientific soldier. We refrain from calling him a pedant. Uncle Toby could still have understood the military jargon of the day, and Jomini was still a name to conjure with. Then there came Sir George Clarke, and his book on "Fortification", and the old shibboleths were blown away, and men used their common sense and simple earthen trenches superseded monumental parapets, and casemates of masonry and iron. Clarke's "Fortification" is however out of print, and those who would refresh themselves with a draught at the vigorous and virile fount formerly supplied by the present governor of Victoria have to go away unsatisfied. Not the least merit of the pages before us is that they reproduce many of the ideas no longer accessible, while in between what has been culled from Sir George are dovetailed the very latest principles he did so much to set on foot. The chart will give those who have no time for the historical study of fortification a conspectus of the subject, which will at a glance supply the facts that it would require much research to recover from a library. We do not love these short cuts to learning, but they are inevitable in crowded days, and moreover in this case the short cut is only intended to lead to longer study.

"Seapower", and "Coast Defence" are contained between these narrow covers too, and numerous quotations from Bacon and Seeley light the path of the student in the former subject. We do not know however that we can congratulate the author so sincerely on this part of his labours as on the other. To discuss such a subject as seapower in eight sparsely typed pages is somewhat like an attempt to make a pint pot hold a hogshead. The matter does not lend itself to abbreviation, and cannot be put into data as can the details of fortification. But what there is is excellent; the defect alone is that there is not enough. Coast defence and submarine mining follow seapower and here we again have a most useful little compendium of what soldiers of to-day require. The mysteries of "concentrated and dispersed beams" are laid bare. "The friendly channel", and "the test rooms", and "observing stations" are all introduced to us in a few apt phrases. Major Ward's esprit de corps finally prompts him to give us a short history of the Royal Engineers as a kind of bon bouche. To this we must demur: a note-book is not a regimental history, and no man wants to carry about the story of our Engineers when he goes to war. He wants facts and figures that will be of everyday use. Moreover the Engineers have nothing to do with seapower, and comparatively little with coast defence. So their presence in this volume appears superfluous and even savours of padding.

NOVELS.

"Love and the Soul Hunters." By John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie). London: Unwin. 1902. 6s.

The sentimentalities of princes give such an unending theme to the novelist that we shall soon find some industrious German compiling an erotic appendix to Macchiavelli. Yet the novelist is seldom convincing, and the flirtation of the Chevalier with Beatrix Esmond is still perhaps the locus classicus. Mrs. Craigie has filled her latest book with an excellent store of wit and satire: she is as bitterly unmerciful as ever to the fundamental silliness of many virtuous people, as amusing as ever in her presentation of the frankly vicious. But as a drama "Love and the Soul Hunters" is wanting in cohesion. The charming prince is by no means the most interesting character, although we are asked to believe that an uncommonly sensible young lady endowed with equal keenness of vision and self-respect found him so. The possibilities of amorganatic alliance, of a real marriage accompanied by renunciation of political prospects, and so on are not a very novel subject, and as regards the general atmosphere in which an exiled royal family lives Mrs. Craigie has not much to add to Daudet's work. She plunges boldly, however, into complicated and sinister deals in the City which are somehow not very life-like. We may add that several minor characters, very neatly sketched, do not much affect the development of the story. Apparently the modern scalp-hunter is more refined or less vigorous than the roué of standard fiction: he experiments with feminine souls where his predecessor would have been less subtle, more direct. Mrs. Craigie's idea seems to be that the pursued soul does not gain much by the change. Nor does the romantic novel.

"The Searchers: a Story in Four Books." By Margaretta Byrde. London: Unwin. 1902. 6s.

If this story were not frankly presented as one of "the First Novel Library" it would yet be recognisable as the work of one young in authorship. In saying this however we by no means wish to say that it is a failure, for, if not highly successful in itself, it is at least full of promise. Miss Byrde has made too ambitious a start, but gives evidence of power; she has given us a long story with such an interplay of many characters as few writers nowadays indulge in, but she would have better gripped the attention of readers had she been more sparing of her materials. Indeed there are successful fiction writers of to-day who would have made three separate stories out of the love romances of Spring Lindisfarne, Eve Brayton and Hesper Godwin instead of linking them together as is done here. Life and character in the Davidsport newspaper office are not very convincingly presented but there is much in the delineation of the Beath folks which augurs well for the future of the novelist. Some of the minor characters, Mrs. Crumb and Mrs. Jenkyns the butcher's wife for example, are capital, and the whole book gives evidence of considerable ability and of conscientious work. We have, perhaps, had quite enough of the clerical Crichtons of fiction, but must confess that Hope Godwin is so presented as to make the reader feel something of the impression which he made on his parishioners. "The Searchers" is a fresh presentation of the world-old problem of man's place in the universe. Miss Byrde should not have left uncorrected such passages as that in which a lady "smiled her spacious smile from among the chiffons under her double chin"; or that in which a doctor "felt the alluring spell of her femininity coiling round him like a serpent"; nor should she speak of volunteers drawn up in line as a firm phalanx.

"When Love Flies Out o' the Window." By Leonard Merrick. London: Pearson. 1902. 6s.

On the cover a conventional cupid with a "property" bow is making his exit, as the proverb indicates; he increases our distaste for the external illustration of books. However, the book's the thing, and here once again Mr. Merrick scores successfully in delineating a certain aspect of theatrical life. His heroine is an orphan who has had an ambition for the life of a

successful singer and who—the case is not a rare one—is compelled to accept a position as chorus-girl. Even then work is not continuous and a spell of ill luck makes her an easy prey to the specious offers of an agent for the exportation of young women to a low-class Parisian "hall". Meenie goes, dreaming that fortune is about to smile but soon has a rude awakening. Mr. Merrick pursues his theme relentlessly and with considerable realistic effect. We feel that the whole thing is inevitable and terrible until the hero comes on the scene and then we feel more of the story-teller's conventionalities. The hero is a novelist of considerable promise but of small means, and after marriage, when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window, frightened not so much by the familiar apparition as by the angry pride which is gap and bells to a fool, forbidding Ralph Lingham to share a home in which he is not maker of the greater part of the income. Mr. Merrick's characterisation is distinctly clever, the keepers of Meenie's lodgings and of the hall of painful experiences are real, and Meenie Weston is an exceptionally good piece of character drawing. Spencer Parlett, the dyspeptic dramatist, is like a caricaturist's sketch from life.

"Miss Quillet." By S. Baring-Gould. London: Methuen. 1902. 6s.

"That part of the reading public which shuns the solid food of reason for the light diet of fiction"—readers of "Nightmare Abbey" will recall the scornful speech—does not need to be told that Mr. Baring-Gould has a pretty knack in the concocting of a love-story and considerable literary ability in dishing it up. "Miss Quillet" is the story of the transformation of a flighty selfish girl into a serious loving woman, a transformation which is only brought about at a terrible cost. Uneasy at home—largely owing to her own inability to realise her duty—she becomes a hospital probationer and proves herself wholly incapable of the most elementary self-sacrifice, with the result that the patient whom she is called in to nurse—in default of a fully qualified attendant—loses his sight. How she atones for her serious lapse must be read as developed by Mr. Baring-Gould, but here it may be said that in her search for work which shall help to quiet an uneasy conscience she lunches with a bishop and she visits one of the small centres of healthy influence in the midst of slumland. It is an interesting story and the characters are presented with that sureness of touch which comes of long practice.

"Desiderio." By Edmund J. Gardner. London: Dent. 1902. 4s. 6d.

To take an intelligent interest in the Renaissance, to be appreciative of the Platonism of Bembo or Ficino, to delight in ecclesiasticism and ritual, to understand and to quote Italian, to be accurately historic and to write with a certain literary skill; all this is not enough to make a novel of vitality or to reproduce the character, action and atmosphere of a past age so that we pass into the theatre of the Italian fifteenth century and lose ourselves in its glamour. Mr. Gardner has at present more appreciation than inspiration, more learning than art, but if this is his first attempt at novel writing, it is possible that his comparative failure is due to inexperience, and that he will learn later to use his material with greater artistic discretion, to be less inclined to display his erudition, or to dwell on an appreciation which he shares with many a student of the Renaissance.

"A Prince of Good Fellows." By Robert Barr. London: Chatto and Windus. 1902. 6s.

The "Prince of Good Fellows" is James V, King of Scotland. Mr. Barr treats us to some spirited accounts of his career and contrives to present a fairly accurate portraiture. Though we do not highly favour tabloid history or trust romancers when they encroach upon the realm of fact, we welcome these stories as healthy, diverting and not over inaccurate sketches of a thrilling career. At any rate they are preferable to the dangerous contributions of romancing historians. Mr. Barr's best chapter is his last, dealing with the romance of the King's marriage to the fair Madeleine of France.

"The Branded Prince." By Weatherby Chesney. London: Methuen. 1902. 6s.

This amateur detective story of a very conventional type is neither instructive nor exhilarating. Missing diamonds, hypnotism and secret societies have been used in this connexion so often before that surely nothing fresh can be made out of them. It need only be said that the author of this book treads the old familiar ways (except when he wanders into the dissecting room of a London hospital) and scarcely for a moment strays out of them. It is quite impossible to feel any interest in the characters or their singularly fatuous doings.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"A Glossary to the Works of William Shakespeare." By the Rev. Alexander Dyce. The references made applicable to any edition, the explanations revised and new notes added. By Harold Littledale. London: Sonnenschein. 1902. 7s. 6d. net.

The editor of this welcome and most useful work has well said in his preface: "Although more than thirty years have passed since the death of the Rev. Alexander Dyce his Glossary is still a standard manual for the elucidation of Shakespeare's text." And no greater service could be done for the myriad readers of Shakespeare than a reissue brought up to date of Dyce's work. Schmidt's "Lexicon" is too perplexingly voluminous, giving at once too much and too little. Bartlett's Concordance is simply a concordance, and as such leaves nothing to be desired. What the general reader of Shakespeare needs is a work of reference which stands between the two and unites the information given in each, in other words a lexicon and a concordance. With that Professor Harold Littledale here provides them. The exact place of each word in the poems and dramas is given, the numbering of the lines corresponding to the well-known Globe text. The meaning of every word and every phrase in Shakespeare needing explanation is fully given and illustrated. Professor Littledale, who gracefully and appropriately offers the work "as a tribute to the memory of Alexander Dyce," speaks very modestly of his own labours, but it is abundantly clear that he has spared no pains to make the work as complete and as accurate as possible. If there be any errors in it we can only say that we cannot discern them. The book is beautifully printed on excellent paper and we cordially recommend it to all readers of Shakespeare, to whom if they are not in possession of Schmidt and Bartlett or some other concordance it is indeed almost indispensable.

"The Naturalist on the Thames." By C. J. Cornish. London: Seeley. 1902. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Cornish apparently knows the Thames from end to end and has a special familiarity with that delightful corner where Sinodun Hill—Crophy and Mophy as its two knolls used to be called by undergraduates reading Herodotus at Oxford—looks over Day's Lock towards Dorchester and the abruptly turning Isis receives the Thame opposite Wittenham Wood. To us also *ille terrarum angulus præter omnes ridet*—and we have always thought it an ideal place for a fine Thames-side estate which should rescue it from villadom for ever. Perhaps it is even now in that happy condition—for we know it only as passers-by. Mr. Cornish, who has had the shooting, gives a very interesting account of the fauna of Wittenham Wood which has harboured in quite recent years such a rarity as the polecat (not however, Mr. Cornish thinks, so great a rarity as is supposed) and the badger which though of course not much of a rarity is always an interesting denizen. The photograph of a badger, and the one of the otters, are very remarkable, and there is also a most charming photograph of Thames shells. The one of the nightjar with its young one was we think perhaps too confused to be worth publishing. Coming down stream to the lower reaches Mr. Cornish has some very interesting remarks on the recent return to our river of fish which pollution had banished, such as the smelt, whitebait, and lampren, and the corresponding descent into the tideway of roach, dace, and other up-river fish. The London herons, lured down the tideway by this increasing food supply and now never shot at, are, according to Mr. Cornish, losing their great natural shyness. "Their footprints" he says "have been found on the mud opposite a creek in Hammersmith, round which is one of the most crowded quarters of the poorer folk of West London. The birds had been fishing within ten yards of the houses, which at this point are largely inhabited by organ-grinders and vendors of ice-creams, callings which do not promote quiet and solitude in the immediate neighbourhood". At footprints like these a bird lover will thrill like any Crusoe. On one little point we entirely disagree with Mr. Cornish. He thinks that the golf bunkers have spoiled Richmond Old Deer Park! But what was there to spoil? By all means praise its margins and its moat but the only thing the bunkers can do to its great central flatness is to improve it by casting shadows over the turf at sunset. However Mr. Cornish has given to all nature-lovers a most delightful book.

"The Eton Glossary." By C. R. Stone. Eton: Spottiswoode. 1902. 1s.

This lively little book is truly racy of things Etonian. We think that every Etonian, past and present, should buy a copy, for it is so very well done. The book too will be of interest to some who have no Eton associations as well as to many who have been to a Fourth of June some time or other in their lives. By the aid of this guide the new boy will not be able to shine out at the beginning of his first half as the complete Etonian, but he will get from it some wrinkles which may save his humiliation among his fellows. He will know something about Pop to start with, he will turn up his trousers, keep the bottom button of his waistcoat undone, and he will not walk about with an umbrella rolled up. We have read this booklet right through, and the reading of it has been a pleasure.

"The Sensitive Plant." By Percy Bysshe Shelley. With illustrations by F. L. Griggs. London: Lane. 1902. 1s. 6d. net.

Mr. Griggs has failed to illustrate "The Sensitive Plant" as Mr. Housman failed before him, and as in our opinion everyone who ever attempts the task will fail. You might as well try to paint a picture of the "Life of Life". As a frontispiece Mr. Griggs gives us "Broad water-lilies lay tremulously". They are good enough water-lilies, but they are not particularly Shelley's. A prefatory note is furnished to the little reprint by Mr. F. B. Money-Coutts. Of course it is clever: we expect this in Mr. Money-Coutts, himself a writer of delicate verse which is not known as it deserves. But we rather wish he would desist from handling these "Gossamer verses" of Shelley. He really has not the reverence that behoves. By the way his remark that "coloured designs" would specially suit "The Sensitive Plant" may not be deemed helpful by the present illustrator or publisher.

"Suffolk in the XVIIth Century: The Breviary of Suffolk."

By Robert Reyce. 1618. Now published for the first time from the MS. in the British Museum. With Notes by Lord Francis Hervey. London: Murray. 1902. 10s. 6d. net.

This "plaine and famelier" description of Suffolk in the early part of the seventeenth century, though often quoted by antiquaries, has hitherto been accessible to those persons only who could consult it in the British Museum. Its compiler was the son of a Suffolk justice of the peace and a native of the village of Preston in that county. It is, he tells Sir Robert Crane, to whom he dedicates it, a "course and homely manuscript, the fruits and effects" of his "recreative opportunities", and although it contains much that is interesting and not a little that is valuable it appears never to have been finished. At any rate, the part in which there was to be a description of every town and village in the county has not come down to us. In the existing manuscript, which makes about 220 printed pages, the author deals with the physical features of Suffolk, "the fruits, the buildings, the people and inhabitants, the customs, the division political and ecclesiastical, houses of Religion, with all their severall valuations, the chieftest men of learning, as of Divines, privy Councillours, martiall men, and Navigators of former times, with severall other things of memorable note and observation"; but the information he furnishes in respect to the "houses of Religion" and other buildings is disappointingly meagre. With the inhabitants and their various "degrees of callings" and with the county's products he deals more fully, and conveys the impression that at the time of which he writes Suffolk was in a fairly flourishing condition. In commenting on the absence of mineral wealth, he mentions having heard that "in ancient time" there was a "mine of Gold oare" near Banketon (Bacton); but his "experience of this dayly so much contrarying the same" made him receive the statement "as an improbable heare say". His biographical notes on Suffolk's distinguished men, more especially those relating to Thomas Cheston, a Mildenhall man, "descended of mean though honest parents", constitute one of the most attractive portions of his work. Cheston, who ran away from home to participate in "martiall adventures in forreyne regions" seems to have been a typical soldier of fortune, concerning whose exploits one would gladly know more. He rose to be High Sheriff of the county of Kerry; but at the time of Reyce's writing was living in retirement in his native Suffolk village.

THEOLOGY.

"An Introduction to the Thessalonian Epistles." By E. H. Askwith. New York: The Macmillan Co.; London: Macmillan. 1902. 4s. net.

This book is not so much an introduction to S. Paul's Epistles to the Thessalonians as a defence of their genuineness with an appendix on the eschatological passage in the second letter. That any one should deny their authenticity seems to us one of the standing puzzles in the history of criticism; there are few documents which so plainly bear the stamp of originality on them, or of which it may be more pertinently asked "What purpose could a forger have had in making them up?" How-

ever critics have attacked them, and Mr. Askwith has carefully collected their objections and on the whole answered them well. There is always something unsatisfactory both in the criticisms and answers that are concerned with internal evidence in these cases; one critic takes a sentence and says "this is essentially un-Pauline", and his opponent says "on the contrary it is essentially Pauline" and there is an end of the matter as far as argument, though not as far as discussion, goes; and much of the controversy over the Thessalonian letters is of this nature. But in Mr. Askwith's last chapter we have a theory as to the eschatological (he refuses to call it "apocalyptic") section which if not convincing, is certainly striking; the "falling away" is interpreted politically of the revolt of the Jews from Rome, "the man of lawlessness" represents the Roman Emperors allowing or encouraging Emperor-worship, while "he who now letteth" is the particular Emperor Claudius who discouraged the cult during his own reign but was of course powerless to prevent it spreading after his death.

"Under the Dome." By A. F. Winnington Ingram. London: Wells, Gardner. 1902. 3s. 6d.

We are glad that the Bishop of London has been able to print these sermons, preached from time to time in St. Paul's Cathedral. As we read them we seem to get some insight into the secret of his attractiveness; they are an unconscious revelation of character. There is nothing very deep or original in the thought; no striking eloquence in the language; the theology and scholarship, though adequate, are not exceptional; and there is far too much poetry quoted. And yet few sermons have appealed to us so much; they have something better than eloquence or philosophical and theological learning; they are the words of a man who has realised by personal experience the strength and happiness of his religion, and can speak to others of that which he knows and can testify that he has seen. Even the anecdotes, of which there are perhaps too many, prove that the Bishop is one to whom men and women instinctively turn for comfort when they are in distress; and we feel that we should indeed wish for such a friend were trouble to come to us. The book is in fact a valuable apologetic treatise; for it shows Christianity at work.

"Daniel in the Critics' Den." By Sir Robert Anderson. London: Nisbet. 1902. 3s. 6d.

In spite of Sir Robert Anderson's reiteration, the problems of criticism cannot be decided by Old Bailey methods. His latest assault upon the critics is so far more respectable than many efforts of the kind because, in his own fashion, he has made some study of the subject: "In accordance with my usual habit, I set myself to test the matter by examining the critics' strongest position." There is hardly any subject in the Old Testament upon which competent judges are more unanimously agreed than the character and date of the book of Daniel; but our valiant Sir Robert has his own opinions, and defies the world. "The only contribution of any value that we can find in his violent and promiscuous pages is his explanation of the 'seventy weeks', and that has been sufficiently dealt with by Dr. Driver in the recent commentary which is the chief object of this attack. The way in which Dr. Driver is characterised is simply an impertinence. Who wants to 'reject Daniel'? Our business is to find out what Daniel actually means, and not what we imagine he ought to mean; and anyone in his senses will prefer to be guided by Dr. Driver in the investigation rather than by all the magistrates and 'special juries' of Old Bailey put together.

"The World before Abraham." By H. G. Mitchell. London: Constable. 1901. 5s.

Professor Mitchell of Boston has translated the first ten chapters of Genesis, printed them in different types to indicate the sources, and provided them with a full commentary. A great merit of the work is that it deals candidly with the notorious difficulties of these chapters, and in a way that is both scientific and religious. We do not know any other book in English which covers the ground so well. The introduction on the Pentateuch as a whole is not so good as the Commentary; it is too overloaded to be readable, and not well enough arranged to be clear. What is the use of going through over again the various theories of the composition of the Pentateuch which have been held and superseded one after another? Like other American scholars, Professor Mitchell is too fond of giving references to all the latest literature on the subject; if we "saw" all that we are told to "see" we should be blinded by excess of light.

SPANISH LITERATURE.

Las tormentas del 48. Por B. Pérez Galdós (Episodios nacionales. Cuarta Serie). Madrid: Galdós. 1902. 2 ptas.

It is impossible to regard without admiration the pertinacity with which Sr. Pérez Galdós applies himself to the task that he has undertaken. For more years than one cares to recall he has dedicated his remarkable powers to his "Episodios nacionales", and at the end of each quarter a fresh volume has appeared with a punctuality only equalled by the editor of the Dictionary of National Biography. It has often been said

that Sr. Pérez Galdós has endowed Spain with a modern prose-epic: it might, with equal truth, be contended that he has supplied a series of national biographies in the form of novels. He is not, perhaps, a born romancer like Pereda; he has not the irony and finesse of Valera; but he contrives to move and to interest, and it is within the mark to say that, where Pereda and Valera find one reader, he finds ten. And his success is obtained by legitimate means. Some of his later novels have unreasonably presupposed an intimate acquaintance with the details of Spanish history, and have therefore failed to attract on this side of the Pyrenees; but this reproach cannot be directed against "*Las tormentas del 48*", a simple, autobiographical tale, full of human emotion. Matías de Rebollo, a Spanish priest resident in Rome, visits Sigüenza, takes a liking to his cousin's clever son, and carries the boy off to Italy with a view to finding a good opening for him at the Pontifical Court. The lad, who has been the portent of a small provincial circle, soon finds his level, makes acquaintance with two other students named Fornasari and Della Gengga, becomes interested in politics, approves the election of Pius IX., loses his vocation, turns to Neo-Paganism, and escapes from the seminary. Rebollo dies, bequeathing the young scapegrace to Antonelli who, after overlooking some discreditable escapades, finally ships off the contumacious youth to Spain, where he starts afresh in life. It would be unfair to disclose the further story of his adventures which are recounted by the author with uncommon vivacity and truth. Hitherto Sr. Pérez Galdós has been most successful when dealing with psychological enigmas. The characters of his latest book are singularly free from any touch of the complex eccentricity which distinguished "Angel Guerra", and he secures his triumph by means of a thousand minute touches that bespeak a rare power of observation. Fajardo's mother, his two sisters-in-law, the girls Virginia and Valeria, the unhappy Antonia are each in their way models of miniature portraiture, and the worldly personality of Antonelli is reproduced with a malicious dexterity which avoids the dangers of caricature. Sr. Pérez Galdós is, unlike most Spaniards, so careful in writing foreign words that one is all the more surprised to find Sir Henry Bulwer's name incorrectly given on p. 161 and elsewhere. But these are trifles light as air in this manifestation of a very genuine and mature talent.

Estudio biográfico de Jorge Manrique é influencia de sus obras en la literatura española. Por José Nieto. Obra premiada en los Juegos Florales celebrados en Palencia en 1901. Madrid. 1902. 2 ptas.

The common Spanish practice of awarding prizes to the writers of literary monographs is an excellent one, but we cannot think that Sr. Nieto's work is a favourable specimen of its kind. For the majority of readers Jorge Manrique survives by virtue of a single copy of verses; but, since the "Coplas" are an almost impeccable masterpiece, his immortality is assured. He is beyond all question the most distinguished Spanish poet of the fifteenth century, and any new light thrown on his personality would have been welcome. Sr. Nieto has failed to add anything to our previous knowledge, and his monograph is singularly deficient in the qualities of fulness and accuracy which should characterise such studies. On the biographical and æsthetic side, Sr. Nieto has really nothing new to say, and for this he is hardly to be blamed. Still, in default of anything better, we are entitled to look for a complete list of the poems ascribed to Jorge Manrique in the various "Cancioneros", or at least for a correct description of the various editions of the famous "Coplas". Neither of these is forthcoming, and it must be frankly said that Sr. Nieto's

(Continued on page 404.)

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brief excursions into the bibliography of his subject are unsatisfactory, and even misleading. For example he lays it down in the most absolute fashion that the "Coplas" were first printed in 1492, but this is surely an open question. Sr. Nieto, unfortunately, omits to give the title of the work in which (according to him) the "Coplas" are first found. It has hitherto been held that their earliest appearance was in the "Cancionero" llamado de Fray Inigo Mendoza, and Mendoza's "Cancionero" is referred to by Sr. Menéndez y Pelayo, the greatest living authority, to 1480 or thereabouts. We should have been glad to have Sr. Nieto's reasons for the faith that is in him. Again, Sr. Nieto accepts the conjecture of Antonio Sánchez that the "glosa" of Alonso de Cervantes was first published at Valladolid, "at some time before 1552". This surmise leaves a considerable margin and, as it happens, Sánchez is wholly mistaken. The printing of Cervantes' "glosa" on the "Coplas" was, as we know from the publisher Valentín Fernández, finished at Lisbon on 10 April, 1501, and it is very possible that there may be earlier editions. It would be easy to multiply instances of Sr. Nieto's carelessness. We must confine ourselves to expressing our astonishment that, on his own admission, Sr. Nieto should never have seen the edition of the "Coplas" issued at Boston in 1833. This is among the earliest—if it be not the earliest—of Longfellow's publications. The writer of a monograph on Manrique should have made it his business to see an edition which is certainly curious and by no means unattainable.

Por Europa Católica. Por Emilia Pardo Bazán. (Obras completas. Tomo XXVI.) Madrid. 1892. 3.50 ptas.

The versatility of the Sra. Pardo Bazán is proverbial in her native land. She has written a volume of poems, she has won a considerable reputation as a novelist, she is indefatigable as a critic, and she excels as an artist in the province of rhetorical description. Of late years her talent has taken a more practical turn, and her recent course of lectures indicates a notable interest in political and social problems. So much achievement, persistent and various, implies unusual ability and courage. It requires uncommon courage to write single-handed the contents of an important literary review, it probably requires still more courage to tell one's countrymen a series of unpalatable truths and to flout their patriotic complacency. But the Sra. Pardo Bazán is nothing if not intrepid. "Por la Europa católica" is the picturesque record of her travels through Portugal, France, and Belgium, and she compares what she has seen in these three Catholic countries with what she finds in Spain. Few points of any importance escape her, and the story of her journey shows all her accustomed skill in landscape-painting. The contrast which she draws between Spain and her neighbours is profoundly discouraging, and, though not without a basis of truth, is exaggerated. We may venture to question not merely the wisdom, but the possibility of transplanting Belgian institutions to Spanish soil; and some recent events lead us to doubt whether the "vaccine of co-operation" has really conferred on the Belgians that complete immunity from socialism which the Sra. Pardo Bazán so enthusiastically ascribes to it. She has not discovered the "magic philtre" which, as she says, she went forth to find. "Magic philtres" do not, in fact, greatly abound. But the writer has made a thoughtful contribution to sociology, lays her finger on some indubitable plague-spots, and puts forward a body of shrewd suggestions which deserve respect. It is not altogether her fault that her conclusions are pessimistic: it is none the less unfortunate, for the uniform melancholy of her tone goes to spoil what is in many respects a delightful and eloquent book.

Colección de libros picarescos. Cavallero venturoso. Con sus extrañas aventuras y prodigiosos trances, adversos y prósperos. Historia verdadera, verso y prosa, admirable y gustosa. Por D. Juan Valladares de Valdelomar, Clérigo Presbítero de la Ciudad de Córdoba. Madrid: B. Rodríguez Serra. 1902. 5 ptas.

El Diablo Cojuelo. Por Luis Vélez de Guevara. Reproducción de la edición príncipe de Madrid, 1641, por Adolfo Bonilla y San Martín. Vigo: Eugenio Krapf. 1902. 6 ptas.

The first of these works, as yet only known to students through the references of Gallardo, Ticknor and Gayangos, owes its appearance in print to the enlightened enterprise of the learned editors, Sres. Bonilla y San Martín and Serrano y Sanz. It is cast in the form of an autobiography, and whenever the text can be tested it appears to correspond to actual facts. The literary merit of the performance is, as the editors point out, comparatively slight; but it is interesting on account of its sincerity and also as throwing light on the relations between Cervantes and Lope de Vega. It has been said by uncritical Cervantists (a numerous body) that this work proves the existence of a conspiracy against "Don Quixote", organised by Lope. This legend does not stand the test of examination. It is true that the writer speaks of the "ridículas y disparatadas fijas de Don Quixote", and it is true that Lope signs one of three official licences; but there is not a trace of any conspiracy, no sign that Lope knew more of the author than was known to the other censors, Fray Cristóbal Martínez and Fray Pedro Na-

varro, and no indication that any particular damage was done to Cervantes, who died a year previous to the issue of the licences. Readers are indebted to both editors for this exposure of an idle tale, and for a characteristic example of seventeenth-century taste.

A still more desirable possession is Sr. Bonilla y San Martín's edition of "El Diablo Cojuelo". That Le Sage should have taken it as the basis of his "Diable boiteux" is a signal testimony to its merit, and this alone should ensure the success of a reprint based on the strictest scientific principles. The editor refers apologetically to the fact that he has throughout substituted short s's for long ones, but we can only thank him for this very sensible departure from the prudishness of antiquated pedantry. In all respects, intrinsic and extrinsic, this is an admirable specimen of what a critical edition should be, and there can be few native Spaniards who will not find much to inform them in the invaluable corpus of notes at the end of the volume. This is a treasure of exact learning which answers every fair question and does infinite credit to the most distinguished scholar of the younger generation.

La Rondaña (Cuentos Andaluces). El Salvador (Cuentos varios). Por Blanca de los Ríos de Lampérez. Madrid: Idamor Moreno. 1902. 3 ptas.

Readers of Sr. Cotarelo's study have for some time looked forward with expectation to a critical monograph on Tirso de Molina for which the Spanish Academy awarded a prize to the Sra. de los Ríos de Lampérez several years ago. The monograph in question still remains unprinted to the regret of all students who must fain be content with the exercise of the author's fancy and ingenuity in a very different field. In this collection of short tales she displays imagination, knowledge, a ductile style, and an enviable gift of picturesque narration. She brings before us a panorama of millionaires, gipsies, priests, soldiers, smugglers, kingsmen and republicans, reconstructing a vanished society with skill and insight. This is the authentic, historic Spain whose light, and passion, and emphasis so fascinated the enthusiastic Romantics of 1830. On the whole the first section of the book is more poetic and more striking than the second. The portraits of Mariano, Curro and La Rondaña herself leave a more lasting impression of power and horror than the presentment of Moncho in "La Cabeza enamorada". But even the least successful of the stories in this volume testify to the existence of a forcible dramatic gift, and of a rare artistry in execution.

For This Week's Books see page 406.

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